UNUSED POWERS

Russell H. Conwell

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UNUSED POWERS

By
RUSSELL H. CONWELL, D.D.
Author of "Acres of Diamonds," "The Angel's Lily," "Why Lincoln Laughed," etc., etc.

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FOREWORD

THE sermons included in this volume were delivered recently to large congregations in the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia. They can truthfully be called "Sermons That Have Helped the Masses." Back of every sermon delivered by Dr. Conwell is the spirit of helpfulness. The thousands of letters he is receiving constantly, telling of the uplift, enrichment and inspiration his sermons have given, are an indication not simply of his popularity, but of the fact that his utterances have found ready response in the needy and hungry soul.

Dr. Conwell's influence in his pulpit ministry is of more than local character. It extends literally "to the ends of the earth." On two recent Sundays in October an account was taken of those present in the Temple from places other than Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, including only those who gave their cards to Dr. Conwell at the close of the service, with the following result:

Massachusetts	4	Sweden	3
California	6	Scotland	2
Arizona	2	Japan	7

Canada	6	Armenia	2
England	4	Egypt	1
Germany	4	South Africa	2
Norway	1	New York	13
China	1	Washington, D. C.	8
Persia	4	Ohio	3
India	3	Missouri	1
Nepal	1	New Mexico	3
Michigan	3	Oregon	4
Delaware	5	Vermont	1
Maine	1	New Hampshire	1
Texas	3	Cuba	3
Washington State	4	Hawaii	2
France	2	Italy	3
New Jersey	16	Russia	2
Mexico	1	Poland	9

All of Dr. Conwell's discourses abound with observations of his varied career as student, soldier, schoolmaster, lawyer, reporter, traveller, author, lecturer, educator and preacher. His intimate association with some of the country's greatest men, including Beecher, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Bayard, Taylor, Wendell Phillips, Garfield, Blaine, Emerson, Grant, Gough, and many others, provides a wealth of information on which he freely draws. In his travels abroad he met Gladstone, Garibaldi, Tennyson, Dickens, Ruskin and other eminent statesmen, writers and public men.

This volume, therefore, will place within reach of both layman and preacher a storehouse of illustration, historic fact and Christian philosophy, the rich harvest of help and inspiration gleaned from the author's life of service in the uplift of humanity.

CHARLES E. MILLER.

Philadelphia, Penna.

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I

UNUSED POWERS

HOW much more a man can do than he thinks he can! How far short we all come of what it was possible for us to have accomplished. My text presents that idea. It is found in the eighth verse of the nineteenth chapter of First Kings, in the account of Elijah's journey when he was fleeing from Jezebel, and going as he thought into the desert to die.

The poor man thought he had reached the end, that there was nothing more worth living for in the world. The poor old man had tried to serve the Lord all his life, had sacrificed and suffered, his friends had betrayed and left him, his enemies had conquered, righteousness seemed to be at an ebb, and unrighteousness at the flow. Poor old discouraged man gone into the desert alone. Alone? No, he was surrounded by a multitude of witnesses he did not see, and he ought to have felt that, for he had told that young man years before that the

Lord would open his eyes and he would see a company of angels. Now he thinks he is all alone. It is strange that a Christian man who has faith for so many years can fall into these intermittent conditions of discouragement.

What would we not be if every hour of every week and day we had done our utmost? The possibilities of man reach out beyond our vision, beyond our imagination. What would we get if we only did our best?

The poor old man lays down under the juniper tree, and said, "O that I could die. I have no friends left. I have nothing to do. The Lord has defeated me at every turn I have taken. He does not want me on the earth. My friends don't care for me any more. I am only in the way. Lord, let me go. I am weary of life."

The text says that the angel of the Lord came and said, "Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee." The angel fell in with Elijah. That is often a safe method to fall in with an insane person. I see the demented almost every day. The only thing you can do with them is to fall in at first with their hallucination.

A man with a pistol came into my study here, and said that the Lord had sent him to

shoot me. I had often been told in years past that the only way to do is to agree with such maniacs. I said, "That is all right, only you came on the wrong day. If you had looked up the date to see when you were to come you would come to-morrow." He said he had not looked at the calendar, and I called his attention to the date, and said, "Why this is not to-morrow. You came the wrong day. You may come again to-morrow. Leave the pistol here, and come back to-morrow." He gave me the pistol to keep and I put it in my desk, then called the officer, who took him away.

While I relate that simply as a personal experience it represents an important thought. The angel of God seems to fall in with the weaknesses of people, and will not contradict them outright, for there are some people so stubborn that they will contradict an angel of God if they have the opportunity. Elijah was one of that character, one of those determined, strong, decisive men who feared not kings or queens when he was in the right spirit. Now he is altogether discouraged, and the angel soothes him, and says, "You think you are weak. Now then prepare yourself." He partakes of that simple meal.

How long a man can exist without food we

do not realize. I saw a man last week in the mines of West Virginia, who said he was enclosed by an explosion, and was there thirty-one days. While there was excellent spring water dripping down, and he had plenty of that to drink, he had no food except a piece of bread left from his luncheon, for thirty-one days, yet he came out alive, and in five days returned to his work.

The text says: "Elijah arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb, the mount of God." The Lord was saying to him, "You see you can go forty days and forty nights without food. Now then learn the lesson that in all things you can do a great deal more than you dream. You poor discouraged old saint, you have lost your faith, and you are making your own life miserable. You are avoiding the service of God because you do not realize that you have still a wonderful strength for forty long days and nights of journey."

Was not Elijah ashamed of himself when he reached the end of that journey and looked back, and said, "There I was under the Juniper tree asking the Lord to take me hence because there was no more I could do." Then

he looked back over forty days, and said, "I never could have done that before." Yes he could. He could have done it any time if he had been required to do it, and had the courage.

How much more we can do than we think we can do. There was a village in West Virginia where poor miners had lived, and the mines were exhausted. It was a very wretched village, so a gentleman told me. But there is a small river running down through the mountains toward the Ohio through that village. The people in the village met to try to vote for a schoolhouse. They had no money, and finally gave it up. They agreed to hold the school around in the various rough miners' cottages because they could not build a schoolhouse. One who was present at the meeting, though not a native of the town, said to them after the meeting had adjourned, "Yes, you can do a great deal more than you think you can. Why don't you get together and go out and build a log cabin all yourselves. You will have a good time. You will enjoy it." They said they could not do it very well without the direction of a carpenter, so they sent down the Ohio River for a carpenter to come up and oversee

the work, and they built the house themselves. The carpenter sat on the river's bank, and thought, "If we could only saw this wood we would save all this chopping and all this time." He looked upon the passing river, and thought how much power is passing all the time, every minute, power to saw logs, power to dig in the earth for coal, power to cut up the stone, and power to run railroads. He said, "There is great power passing your door every hour." One or two of them, it seems, acted upon the suggestion. Anyhow, they put an undershot water wheel across that stream from bank to bank, built no dam, but let the wheel down into the water, so that the water would run against the paddles of the wheel underneath the long shaft. Now they send their electricity all over that region. Now the people own land, and are wealthy. Now there are great factories there, and express trains stop at that city. Now they have a High schoolhouse in which they invited me to come and lecture next year. Power going by the door all the time, constantly passing them, and they in the depths of poverty. "We cannot do anything. We cannot build a schoolhouse." Yet millions of riches right there passing the door every day.

Wherever a river runs on the face of the continent there runs an equal power, and the government is just awakening to the fact. There has been introduced in Congress a bill to conserve the wonderful power of our streams that they may become of use to the public, that they may turn out electricity to be sent five hundred miles in any direction over the land to run all our factories, to cook our food, to furnish all our light and heat all our houses and churches, and do it at a cost of less than one one-hundredth of what it now costs. Yes, power is wasted all around us. How much more the nation can do than it thinks it can do.

I was in a gathering some little time ago in which there was present a person who was describing to me his experience in a railway wreck. He said the cars crashed together and were torn in every direction, and that he was there under the end of the railroad bridge with the crumpled car all around him, and a car on top of the car in which he was enclosed. There seemed to be no hope of his recovery at all. It was something mysterious. He said he prayed for life, and the reason he asked me the question was as a theologian: "Do you think God gives especial strength to men

under special circumstances in answer to prayer?" He told how they lifted that car, the near side of it, and tore out the side with their hands, and with what miraculous strength they held on to the uplifted car as he and one or two others crawled out from under it. He exclaimed: "Who would dream it possible that a little woman like one of the rescuers, weighing less than 130 pounds, could have lifted so much." We have read all our lives of the great things men have done under extreme circumstances by the power of their muscle when called upon to do or die, or what is more, called upon to do or some friend will die. When to our own efforts there is added, as there was in the case of Elijah, the power of God, O then how limitless are our possibilities.

Remember the story of Gideon. He had so many thousand men that he was sure of victory, but really sure of defeat. When he had such a company of vigorous, patriotic, well-disciplined troops around him, the Lord said to him, "Send them home. Take them down to the river, and those that drink by dipping their hands in the water and lapping it from their hands as in a hurry, you take and send the others home." There was only three

hundred left, and I have always thought of that story as a discouraging thing for poor Gideon, general of a great army, head of a great nation, with only three hundred men against so many thousand. Did he get discouraged? No, he was the contrary in disposition to Elijah. If there is anything on this earth that brings a joy deeper and higher than another it is to lead a forlorn hope. I have heard of men who led in some of the charges in an army when it was called a "forlorn hope," when upon those few men depended the fate of the nation or the army. They to go on, then to win—Oh the magnificence of it! Gideon was blessed of God. His heart was happy, his whole spirit did praise the Lord that his number was so reduced that it was a "forlorn hope." No man or woman is ever so happy as when with confidence in God he or she leads a forlorn hope. It is the greatest privilege of God to be placed in the front of such an undertaking as that, to have other men say it cannot be done, to have other men say it is too big for us, and then to take hold and lift it into the sight and help of God. Oh the peace and joy, the satisfaction of soul! Young man, go lead some forlorn hope for God, and find out what is the deepest

and richest joy of human experience. You can do so much more than you think with the help of God.

Out in western Pennsylvania a man in a little town there told me that he had been wonderfully helped by the kindness of a capitalist. He was talking of capital and labor, as they had been greatly agitated there. As we walked through the snow to the depot he told us where his shop stood. He said there was a great oil refinery next to his shop with plenty of machinery, and there was a great wheel in it. His shop was a carpenter shop in which he did very small work. One day the owner of the oil refinery came by when he was hard at work on a piece of timber, and said to him, "We have much more power on the other side of this wall in our building than we use. Why don't you run a shaft in and put a wheel in your shop. Just run it right through the partition." He said he was permitted to belt on, in a sense, to that wheel through the partition, and he began in that humble way with the help of that power to manufacture, until now his manufactory stretches up the valley in five buildings, and is a far larger plant than the refinery. He was lifted by that additional power into that

place where he could make those things that are demanded over the world. He could do so much more than he thought he could because there was a larger power on the other side of the partition. So with every young man or old man, young woman or old woman, who says, "I cannot do this. I cannot accomplish that." There is not only your power not yet used, but there is a power right through the partition on which you can belt, and which shall help you beyond all measure. There is a God that answers prayer now just as He answered it in days past.

In Washington, at a Bible Conference, I heard a man from the West tell a story of how he had signed the pledge, broken off drink, and that for a year he had kept the pledge, and had joined the church. Then he became so intoxicated by some sudden sweeping in of temptation that he was dragged into the station house by the police. He told us how, when word was sent to his wife that he was drunk again, she said, "It is the last time. I cannot do anything with him. I will see him no more." She had tried him again and again, and you could not blame her for it. But as has been so often the case in such incidents this man told us how his little girl

was sent around by his brother to bring him something to eat, and he was wretched and could not eat. They allowed the little girl to come in the cell where he was, and his little girl, pale, thin, and sickly for years, sat down beside her father and ran her little hand through his hair, and said, "Father, I love you. I trust you. Let me go with you." "Why," he said, "mamma would not let you go." "Mamma would not say no," said the little girl. "I want to go with you." "Why do you want to go?" "I want to help you." Said her father, "Your hands, so little and thin, and you so pale and weak, could not earn a living for your old father." She said, "I don't know what I could do if I tried, but I could help." The man told us in his simple, plain, straightforward manner how he interceded to have his wife try him once more, and declared to himself, "I will destroy my life if ever again I fall"; and how, when that little hand was taken to the grave he and his wife stood beside it, and he said, "Wife, I have been a very wicked man, but that little hand has helped me beyond any hand." Now he gives his entire time to train men away from evil into righteousness and truth because of that little hand. She didn't know whether

she could do much or not, but what she could do she would do. It is ever the record of Christian experience everywhere in life. We get help from hands that are unexpected, and the little child's hands that we did not dream had strength may turn us from evil unto God.

I went to a Baltimore church some years ago. I went there to lecture, and discouraged indeed they were. They had built a great church with random recklessness, without care, with an extravagant faith, an *over*faith that was only recklessness, and a great debt upon them covered more than the whole thing was worth by a great deal. When I lectured I tried to encourage them, but I myself did not feel the confidence that I tried to impart to them.

The next week two of the ladies of the church came together, and they said to each other, "Isn't there something we can possibly do? Must we let it go? Why not hold a prayer meeting?" They called three or four of the ladies of the church together, and they held a prayer meeting, and that church became the most prosperous in the city of Baltimore. They met together and prayed the Lord that they might belt on to His

wheel, and belting on to Him they could carry on their great work.

There are many churches that can do great things, but they do not think they can. They can go forty days and forty nights in the strength they now have, and at the end of the journey God will come with His still small voice and tell them what to do next. There are many young men discouraged about their education, young women discouraged about their work, or men discouraged who are walking the streets with no employment, and to them the voice of God comes to-day in the distinct terms with which it came to Elijah, "You can go forty days and nights yet. Rise up, look men in the eye, look up unto God, have faith in God, and go on to the accomplishment of that which you desire."

And so the lesson of my thought is that every one of us can do more for God, more for ourselves, more for our family, more for our city or country than we have ever yet dreamed of. The possibilities of what we may do when we reach the limit of our strength, we have not seen.

II

MAN AND HIS BURNING BUSH

IN the third chapter of Exodus we have the account of Moses' stay in the wilderness. In the third verse, we read: "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt. And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush."

In the city of Kirksville, Missouri, there are two brothers who inherited a large estate. One of the brothers was a very temperate, upright, Christian churchman, and the other was a wild, racing, wicked man, wasting his money. The temperate brother had taken his part of the estate, and had added to it. He built for himself a beautiful residence on the hillside, which looked down upon the lovely valley from one side of the highway, near to their old homestead.

The young man who had been dissipating, and who had wasted his money, had become exceedingly poor, lived with his family in an

humble place some distance in the country. One night he walked to Kirksville, determined to go to a saloon and secure a drink of whiskey. There had never occurred to him in any way that there was anything about drinking that was really wrong, although he was often sorry that he wasted his money on it. Before he came to the saloon, he saw a red lantern in the road, close to the saloon, and as he approached it, he found that there was a ditch dug across the highway. He stopped to think why the lantern was thus placed in the road, and as he was thus meditating he asked a passing man what that red lantern was for. The stranger said he did not know, but he thought it would be better not to attempt to get into that saloon. This man, whose appetite was very strong, whose desire for that drink was fearful at that time, stood there meditating, looking at the red lantern—the signal of danger. As he meditated, his conscience began to work, and immediately he began to accuse himself for the first time in his life. He began to realize what sin he had committed in wasting his father's money and leaving his family in such dire distress, while his brother had built a beautiful residence from what he had saved

and added to the estate. Under these circumstances, the man was very full of remorse, and he began to accuse himself of being the worst sinner that ever came down the street, and as he looked at that lantern, the signal of danger, it was his "burning bush," and it was talking to him through his conscience and through his memory.

As in memory he went back to the time he lived with his father and mother and recalled how he was brought up to reverence the good and the true, and he thought of the family, how they knelt at morning prayers, and how, since his father's death, he had gone steadily down and down, and down. Standing there by that "bush" and hearing God in his own conscience awakened all those memories that accused him of sin. He turned squarely around at once, retraced his steps to his house, called his wife and said to her: "I have seen a signal of danger, and I realize now what I have never realized before, notwithstanding all that you have said about it; that I am a dreadful sinner. I have come back here determined that I will never taste that awful stuff again." So clear was his conviction and so strong his will that he was able to conquer his appetite, and when I was recently visiting

in Kirksville, the other brother took me up the street and showed me another house like his own, just across the highway, so nearly alike that you could hardly tell them apart. The man who had turned away from drink became an excellent business man.

Another illustration similar to it was when, in this house of God, we offered prayers as a church for the return of a young man who had left home, and his widowed mother did not know where he was. He had been very wild, he had refused to work, or he stayed but a short time at one place; he wandered over the country, drank to some extent, and he was in Chicago the night we were praying for him here. He went up to his room in the hotel, and as the porter lit the gas he noticed a Bible, such as societies supply to some hotels. When the porter had gone out of the room he took up that Bible. It was his "burning bush." And when he saw that Bible his thoughts returned to his home, and his praying mother. God spoke to him through his conscience and through his memory. He took up that Bible, opened it, and read this verse: "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

God spoke to him. It was his "burning bush." He came home and told his mother how God had spoken to him through that Bible.

These illustrations show that God appeals to every age, and Moses is not the only one to whom He spoke. In the days of my youth —and I have seen the acacia bush, which is here spoken of—I have seen it in the Desert of Arabia, where Moses fed his flocks, and when that plum tree is in bloom in the spring it puts out the most gorgeous colours, and flames out in beauty, and yet that bush was perhaps no more in flames then than the bushes around Philadelphia are now. You go where you will in the country now, at the opening of this Resurrection season, and every bush speaks of God. He flames in every flower that is now coming forth.

I do not think that Moses was the only person who saw a burning bush, and I do not think that that bush burned only at that time. It was probably burning twenty or thirty years before, and he might have seen it, but he did not.

Emerson said that the great difference between men is that one is a mere man and another one is "a man thinking." The great

difference is that one sees something worth while, and the other does not. It reminds me of Emerson's illustration when he said that there was a very heavy truck which was attached to a pair of mules, and they were unable to draw it. As they had worked themselves out, they unhitched the mules, and called upon a large number of men to come and draw the load. The men drew that truck. They were equal to the mules in physical strength, and yet what a difference there may have been between the men who drew that truck and men who think. A mule could draw that truck, and so could a man, if there were enough of them, with their physical strength. When Archimedes discovered the lever by which he could, by placing a lever underneath a weight, lift with one hand, what a hundred men could not lift without a lever, he became "a man thinking."

A little while ago a great city thoroughfare was covered with teams drawn by horses and mules, and if a man sat behind one of them long enough he would perhaps finally get home. Neither of them thought very much. But one man who was thinking invented the automobile, and now they come and go by hundreds, and they cover the streets, and

crowd the avenues, and they carry our commerce over the world with amazing rapidity because there was found somewhere a man thinking, which made all this difference in transportation.

Moses may have seen that burning bush a hundred times as he took his flock to feed near it. But it was only when he began to think that he became the great man, the great prophet and statesman and successful man that he was. I say again, I feel very certain that there was nothing unusual about that bush at the time he saw it, beside the fact fact he took notice of what had been there all the time before. I have been trying long to impress the great lesson on the minds of young men and women that "Observation is every man's university," and I have been writing upon that book all this week. When I think of Moses standing before that bush, it was only availing himself of that present opportunity which he had not done before, in noticing the fire in the burning bush.

There once lived a man in North Carolina who was working as a farmhand, and on stormy days, when it was impossible to work in the fields, he was set to work under the

shed, breaking stones for the purpose of making roads. So all those stormy days he stood there breaking up stones into small pieces. That was a man, with a man's physical power, and it did not require very much strength for a man to do that, perhaps. Even a mule could have done that. But one day there came to him the thought, "This is a very weak, useless thing for a thinking man to do." He said, "I am going to find something else to occupy my mind and my thoughts while I am working." He began to be what Emerson called "a man thinking." It was merely a man crushing stones before, but now the man thinking was seeing the burning bush, was seeing the fire, was seeing the lightning, was seeing something new and fascinating in life, and from that one man thinking there came the great work that is now being done all over the world, wherever bridges are built which are made of concrete in its present patent process. That man breaking stones under that shed was only a poor, miserable man, earning ninety cents a day. Now you build your bridges over your rivers; you build your great sky scrapers out of concrete which he invented or used for the first time in its present form, and "the man

thinking" was equal to thousands of men, as soon as he began to think.

Moses, looking upon that light that day was like a man who first looked upon the electric light. You look at the electric light now and you wonder where it came from. It came from Edison thinking. Not from Edison alone, but from "a man thinking," thinking how by putting a loop of wires in an airtight space, it would give light. It came from Edison thinking, just as the Moses thinking wrought out the delivery of the children of Israel.

Mrs. Howe was at a quilting party in Cambridge, and I well remember how they used to place the quilt on frames on which the quilt was stretched from one side to the other, and then rolled up as they worked the squares. Mrs. Howe was there like every other woman, perhaps gossiping as the rest did. There was absolutely no special difference between them. She was just a woman sewing, as other women did and mingling socially with the rest. But as she was working upon that quilt she remembered that her husband had been working for twelve years on a sewing machine, trying to invent one that would be practicable. That very day they had been

obliged to go without a fire because they had no fuel, having spent everything on this patent for the sewing machine. But this woman was changed from a woman only, to "a woman thinking." She took the darning needle and drove the eye of the threaded needle instead of the point down through the quilt. Then a little girl got under the quilt, placed a thread through the loop formed by the thread on the under side of the quilt, thus holding the little bunch of yarn in place. She was changed from a woman only to a woman thinking, and when that quilting party was over, she went home and said to her husband, "Elias, I have found the secret! I have found what you need to make your sewing machine. You need to reverse the needle; instead of driving the point down, you must drive the head of the needle down through the cloth, and a shuttle may run through the loop as it is drawn back." Only two weeks after that Howe put out the model of the sewing machine, which has changed the civilization of woman's work all over the earth—just the difference between a woman thinking and a woman gossiping.

When Moses faced that burning bush that day, he was aroused. The man who thinks

can furnish labour to a hundred hands, and he consequently becomes so much more of a man than he has been before. It is an intensely interesting thing to study the great illustrations which refer to Moses and the burning bush, but I have time only to condense into the briefest measure my lesson.

Moses was an Israelite, by education an Egyptian; was a graduate of the great University in Heliopolis—probably a teacher there—held high military rank; commanded armies; had been victorious in battle; he was one of the scholars, one of the princes of the great Empire of Egypt; and yet—one night he made a mistake, and while we may feel that he was justified in so doing under the circumstances, he killed an Egyptian—and he felt he was a murderer; his conscience condemned him, and he ran away. He disappeared from all these scenes of glory; he ran away from all this power, and all his wealth, and disappeared in the wilderness, hiding away. He realized he was a criminal, and the consciousness of his criminality hung upon him. He hid far from his friends and acquaintances, not even his own brother knew where he was, and there for forty years he secreted himself—self-condemned, feeding his

flocks there in the wilderness, living on a miserable pittance, taking his flocks wherever he could find grass. One day as he was leading them across the fields, half exhausted for want of food, he came upon this tree, the acacia plum tree, and there was something in it that attracted his attention, and he must have said to himself, "God is in that tree, God is in every tree." Anyhow, He was in that tree, and Moses saw Him, and he became "a man thinking."

If we will only look, we can see God on many occasions. We may not be able to see Him always, but we can see Him on special occasions, like the man with the red lantern, or the man with the Bible in Chicago, where these things hold a relationship to us.

How magnificent is that scenery that Moses looked upon as he stood on the mountainside of Sinai. There was that great range, on which he could stand and look to the Red Sea; he could look for a hundred miles away to the distant plains, and following the lines of the river, he could see far away to the cities of Edom. Standing on the side of that mountain, he wrought himself up to the awful sublimity of it all. He sees God, and he recognizes God in the soul, and in the

music and sublimity of it all, and he finds that there are times in a man's life when his soul is wrought up to see visions. It is only natural that when we look upon the scenes of God, to find God in them. I have heard many sermons on this text where the idea was emphasized that God especially appeared miraculously to Moses on this occasion, and that interpretation may be true. It has its value if it is interpreted in that way. But it may also be true that God is in that bush every day, as He had been in it all during the lifetime of Moses. Anyhow, it led Moses to thinking; it led him to seek forgiveness of God and man, and turn back again. His conscience began to assume another phase; it told him to go back home to his people, and to lead the Israelites out of slavery into the liberty of the promised land.

Young men and women who will read these words: There is some burning bush right in your path now, and to every young man and woman that will watch for that bush, God will speak to him or her, and tell him of the things he ought to be doing, and no longer waste his time or his life in this foolishness, or that, but press him to determine to face the

future with a stronger heart, and make something of himself.

God said to Moses, "Go back and make something of yourself; be a leader of your people; take up the cause of the weak and of the poor and demand that they shall have justice." And Moses went back to Egypt and there faced Pharoah, and there led the children of Israel out through the Red Sea, and it was then that his sister and brother came to help him, to help their criminal brother, who had wasted his life; because he was brave enough to face sin and confess it, to go to God for protection, to lead the life as he should have done years before.

God is in the bushes; God is in the trees; God is in the events that are now going on, and the bush that burns for you may not be the acacia bush. But if we look for it, as Moses did, we shall see it, and if, when we see that warning bush, if we listen, God will speak to the hearts of every one of us, and tell us to go back again and begin once more that consecrated life which we ought to have lived, and that we should no longer pass a mere existence in the deserts of the world.

III

NO OTHER PLACE TO GO

MY mind has been turning, on the train and in my experiences of the week, to this expression of Jesus Christ, in the words which I read to you this morning: "Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."

"To whom shall we go?"

I have found through the country a very serious decadence of the Christian churches, in membership and in spiritual power. In many places the churches are poor and discouraged, and the officers speak with gloom, that "the war is taking the place of the church," and that people talk politics now, and not religion. Consequently they feel that there is a sad outlook for the Christian churches.

So I have asked myself, "To whom can we go?" If the church does go out of existence;

if it has to disband, "To whom shall we go?" Where shall we turn? What can take the place of the church? Who can do the church's work?

A year or two ago, there was a town in the state of Washington which has, I think, from eleven hundred to fifteen hundred inhabitants, which used to have so many churches they could not find people to attend them. So they disbanded them all and now they have no church, and now they are looking for some one to come in and begin all anew. But the condition of that town without a preacher so strangely disorganized is in the neglect of the Sabbath Day, in its injury to business, in social life of the town; and its effect leads one to see what would be the disaster to mankind if the Christian church were to be disbanded. Where can you go? What can you set up in place of the church? These people put in the "movies"; they tried to put in "moral influences" that were uplifting to the community; they have put in baseball and football, they have put in excursions and all sorts of things on Sundays, to take the place of the church. But they *did not* take the place of the church, and every one felt that they did not. They said they were all disgusted with

it, even those who did not go to church. They became anxious about it and came to see me, to find out if it were not possible to send some one from Pennsylvania to open one of the buildings and have a real live, Christian church. To whom can the people go, but to the Saviour of all mankind?

Organizations like the Y. M. C. A. are doing a great and efficient work in the upbuilding of manly character, for the winning of victories and the turning of many minds toward eternal things. Suppose the Y. M. C. A. and kindred organizations were to be disbanded, what would you put in place of them? Can you think of anything? You cannot. It would be impossible to find anything that could do their work and accomplish what they can accomplish among young men as the agents of the church. They have no place to go but to the Y. M. C. A. and kindred organizations—only to Jesus after all.

To what place shall we go if we have no home? You have a place somewhere you call home, and to you it is dearer than any palace on earth. What can you put up in place of a Christian home? What would become of our schools and our colleges if we were to take Christ out of them and out of the teachers and

of those who have charge of those institutions? Think what it would mean if in the United States Christ were taken out of all these institutions; if we did not have Him in the character of our great educational work! Think of the almshouses, of the work for the poor and needy, of the money given in the name of Christ and in the spirit of Christ! Think what would become of the work for the poor, the teaching of the ignorant if Christ were taken out. Think of what the nation would be now if, in the midst of this war, it had nothing beyond, nothing religious to look forward to! If the President sets forth to the world high ideals, as he does, it is only because he has been taught the truth as it is set forth in Christ's great teachings with reference to the whole world, that the world should be one great family. The Christian is always a law-abiding socialist. Socialism is taught in various forms, and consequently the name may be misleading. But Socialism, the theory of the equality of all men, the right of every child that comes into the earth to have his share of the world's garden, is the Socialism of the Scriptures. It is his religion that leads the President of the United States to say that all the world shall be more equal;

that the smaller nations shall have the same rights as the larger ones. Where could we go if we did not have Christ? To whom could we appeal?

During the World War the Government of the United States and the Cabinet officers and others connected with the Government said we must not talk peace, and yet peace is the religion of Jesus Christ. We were in the war for peace, or we would have had no right in it at all. And today we *do* talk peace, and we *will* talk peace, and American citizens do still reign as kings on the earth, and let them hold that in mind. When we voluntarily surrender our food, our rights, our liberty and our comforts for the purpose of winning the war which we believe in, no nation on earth has a right to say to us we shall not rule the country still. We are a nation of American free citizens, and so long as this arm can swing, and so long as this heart reveres the old flag, just so long will I be an American citizen and speak the truth as I see it before God. No man shall dictate to me what I shall say, whether I shall pray for peace, or pray for war. It is the right and duty of every American citizen to think and pray for the best things.

We must learn that the American people have religious ideals that they believe in, and that the officials of the Government are still simply our servants, to do what we tell them to do, and they cannot tell us what we must do. Jesus taught that, "Every man is the equal of every other man before God!" Every heart can go to Him; every man is responsible to Him for himself, and Jesus said that all mankind will some time come and acknowledge Him; that every knee must bow and every tongue confess that Christ is the Lord of all. We cannot have peace until all nations—German, Russian, American—recognize this one great, central ideal: Jesus Christ and His principles, and His truth. And we will not have permanent peace by treaties that are not founded in Christian conscience; or until the people have determined to obey their agreements. We cannot trust diplomacy; we cannot trust anything but the consciences of men made clear by the presence of Christ, the Son of God. Let all nations recognize Him! To whom can we go but to Him? There is no other Name; there is no other Spirit; there is no other ideal but Christ. We must call upon Him to maintain our integrity in His sight, in order that all

nations may agree to accept one common standard.

Which way shall we go if we forsake Christ? Peter and the disciples—eleven of them—were there, and they did not turn away from Christ; only temporarily if at all. But Judas turned away from Him. Where could he go when he had no Christ, no Saviour? He went out into the darkness, blaming himself, cursing himself and hanged himself. Where shall we go but to Christ? Peter was very wise about it. In grief, in sorrow, in trouble, in disaster, we have no place to go but to Christ. There was only one place that Peter desired to go, and that was to his Master.

I saw a home-sick boy in a station traveling alone last week, and I tried my best to comfort him, and I tried to get him to go up town with me, or to look around in the stores; but that poor boy was so broken-hearted, he was so home-sick, that for a long time I could not get anything from him. Finally he told me he wanted "to go home." He did not want anything else but to go home. That was the only place that would satisfy him.

I saw during the war the great factories in

the West let out their men, and what a sublime thing it was to stand on the street corner and see the thousands flock from the munition plants on the Pacific coast and see them scatter in all the various directions through the city. One takes this street and the other that, and the other that alley; some homes may be poor and some very humble and small, but each went his own direction to his own home. I have seen The Temple University dismiss its classes and thousands of students come out of its doors, and each goes in his given direction toward one home. One place above all other places! Where could they go but home? And so it is with the Christian. He can go in no other direction but toward the Lord Jesus Christ.

They tell us that the Bible is getting old and that people are losing their faith in it and their love for it, and yet it is the only train there is; it is the only boat there is. When a U-boat sunk a ship there was sometimes only one boat for the survivors to get into; but suppose those men had said, "There is surely only one boat, but we will not get into that; it might be a leaky boat; we will strike out for ourselves and try to swim to the distant shore"—it would have been just as foolish as

turning away from this Bible, the only boat we have.

They once told me in Spokane, Washington, that there was only one train to Butte, Mont. There was only one train, and so the agents urged the people, "You must be sure to take that one train." The Government had taken the railroads in hand and ran the trains as it pleased, and often nobody could tell at what time the trains would go. But "that one train is all you shall have; take that train or you will be left behind." He cannot reach his home by any other route.

The faith of our fathers is the true faith! Grant us the faith of our fathers. Grant unto us that spiritual, wonderful pathway that leadeth unto eternal life. I will walk in that path, for my father believed in it. The centuries have taught that it is the only way. If I be turned off that path, then shall I wander in darkness, and then shall there be annihilation! To whom can we go but to Christ, the only One? There is no need of a new anchor! Men may say, "Here is Christ, and there is Christ, and in the other place is Christ," that there may be a new interpretation of the Scriptures. But the world goes ahead and the Church must keep up to it.

Yet there is only one Christ, and there is only one Gospel which we must follow. The grand old faith of a hundred years ago believed in the individual rights of every single person, consistent with the rights of his fellowmen.

If we desire to live the highest life and in the holiest relationship we need to have a model. A painter goes across the ocean to see Raphael's wonderful painting in the Vatican, in order that he may get his eyes on the highest ideal there is in painting. And there is only one painting in all the world that may be called the highest; only one that is the greatest. If we would be Christians, we must keep our minds on the highest ideal. If we would have the very best character; if we would enjoy the most that life could bring; if we would live the most holy and perfect life, and if we would be most sure of eternity at the end of this life, we must hold those ideals before us which are centered in Christ Himself.

I asked a girl not long since how she got along with her father. He was cross; he was jealous; he was lazy; he seemed to have about every bad trait but drunkenness; and I said to her, "How is it that you get along with your father when nobody else can?" and she

said, "Because he is the only father I have, and so I make the best of him." And when Peter asked of Jesus, "To whom shall we go?" he said in effect, "I don't understand Thee; I don't understand all Thy teachings fully; I believe we ought to use the sword when Thou teachest peace; I don't believe in many things Thou hast advanced concerning our religion. Yet Thou only hast the words of eternal life."

Only one train! Only one home! Only one father; better make the best of him. But the thought, really, that was in my mind has been this, that I want you to make up your minds that Christ is really the only One to whom you can go.

I heard in Oregon a pathetic incident concerning a family of whom I had known something. A brother and younger sister went out to take charge of a ranch, and there lived together, she keeping house for him. He was a strong, vigorous, determined man, very set in his ways, and she had something of his characteristics, consequently they did not always get along well together. When the brother married and the wife came in to take the work of the sister, it made her very unhappy, and she soon became engaged to a

worthless man, a man whom her brother thought was altogether beneath his sister's station. So he turned his sister out-of-doors and told her never "to darker his door again," and she said she hoped she would never see him again.

They separated. The man she married was a useless, good-for-nothing man, who would not take care of himself and certainly not of her, and into the home they set up there came nothing but quarrels, and finally, one night her husband turned her and her little baby out into the snow and cold. She was four or five miles from her brother's house. But when she was turned out that night into the snow, and the cold north winds swept across those prairies, and she held her little baby close to her breast, she said, "I don't know where to go!" "I don't know where to go!" Where could she go? No house within two or three miles, and her brother's house four miles away! Where could she go? As her brother was sitting by the fireside, he heard a rapping at the door; then there came a scream from the outside, and he arose hastily from the table and rushed to the door, and when he opened it his sister fell in, fainting to the floor, with her little

baby in her arms, with her hands so frozen that her fingers had to be afterward amputated, and as she regained consciousness, she looked at her brother, and said to him, "O, brother Jim! I have come to you because I have nowhere else to go! Nowhere else to go, brother Jim!"

The lesson taught in this is that the man, with such a great heart, was so broken and touched by his sister's appeal that his wife took her in and made her one of the family, to be comforted and cared for by her brother. The brother thanked the Lord and thanked her for having come to him when she had no other place to go.

I heard a pathetic and sweet little incident the other day doubly interesting to me, because I had just been reading a dog story in a recently published magazine. They told me out in Bellingham, Washington, that a young woman was studying to be a nurse. When the War came on she was in the hospital, when a boy was brought in with a broken hand. With the boy came a little spaniel dog. They tried to keep the dog out of the hospital and did send him away several times, but he still hung around, waiting for his little master. Gangrene had set in, and

the little boy soon died, but the dog would still wait around the hospital for his little master. Often the nurse would take pity on him and give him something to eat. But the interesting thing about the story is that one day as the dog was going out of the hospital he caught his paw in the crack of the closing door, as the door shut quickly and crushed his paw. It seems he remembered how the nurse had taken care of his master's hand, and the dog went limping in and whining at her. He went up to the nurse, sat by the bedside and put his paw upon her lap and held it there for her to wrap it up as she had done with his little master. From that time on that nurse and that dog were intimate friends. The dog did not wish to see any one else but the nurse.

Then came the call to arms, and the nurse's great difficulty was to part with her dog, and when her mother protested that she should not let her affection go out like that to a dog, the nurse turned to her mother, and said, "To whom could the dog go but to me; no one would take the boy's place; there is no one to care for him but me!"

When she took the steamer as a war nurse, she entreated the officers to allow her to take the dog with her, and finally she was per-

mitted to take him as a "mascot," and the little dog was with his mistress whenever possible and was always fed by her. On the steamer the nurse was taken sick with a contagious disease. She died, and as is the case on steamers when a person dies with a contagious disease, they wrapped the body up in a winding sheet, weighted it and let it down over the side of the steamer into the ocean. The dog saw it all, and he sat there whining, filled with sorrow. The next morning early a sailor going around by the taffrail saw the dog come out of the cook's cabin and go up to the railing. As he looked out on the sea, he began to wag his tail, as though he saw something, and then leaped into the sea, and went down, following his mistress' body to the depth of the sea.

To whom could that dog go? When that old mother heard that her daughter was dead, and heard of the story of the dog, she felt comforted. She somehow could not feel so sad. When that mother, in the sorrow of her daughter's death and of the burial in the awful sea, her heart full of tenderness, turned toward Jesus, she held up her hands in prayer, and she said, "Lord Jesus! to whom can I go? As that dog went to my daughter,

'having no other place to go,' so I come to Thee for comfort!" And in times of sorrow and of great distress there is only one place you can go, and that is to Christ the Lord. All things else may fail, and yet it is possible, even in the extremes of sorrow, and disappointment, and poverty, and pain to go to the one great Saviour and find that He is all and in all.

To whom *can* we go but to Jesus Christ?

IV

DISGUISED VICTORIES

I WANT to say something with reference to what Jesus said in the twenty-first chapter of Matthew, forty-second verse, where He referred to his own position in the world. Referring to Himself with a sublime view of future history Jesus said: "The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner. This is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes."

I was once sitting in the home of John S. C. Abbott, the great biographer, writing the "Lives of the Presidents of the United States." He had written a large book upon it. I had looked up and written minor portions of the history, and after Dr. Abbott died I continued the work, and carried the volume on until I came to Philadelphia. Each President's life was added to to make a larger volume. But that evening,—next to the last evening I ever saw the great scholar, we were talking with reference to the lives of the

Presidents in general, and one lesson which he drew from their lives, we did not write out, because it seemed to be too piously religious. Nevertheless, the quotation came to our lips together. "The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner." That night, as I thought it over, I thought I could recognize the hand of Almighty God going through history and working out continually in the lives of the Presidents.

The illustration of this fact in the life of George Washington does not come to my mind, but beginning with John Adams, I can follow the line all the way down. In the life of John Adams we found that at twenty years of age he graduated from Harvard University and went out with all the ambitions of a young graduate from college, thinking that he knew more of history, more of the sciences, more of the philosophies and more of literature than any one else could possibly know. It is a very usual thing for a young man who has graduated from college to think he has obtained all the knowledge there is to be obtained in this world, whereas he really has secured only a very small section of what he needs to know. But young Adams went out with very large ideas, and applied for a

position as teacher in Worcester, Mass. He supposed, of course, that the school committee would say, "Certainly, come right in; you belong to the Adams family, having aristocracy behind you and you are a graduate of Harvard College. There is no need for this committee to look any further." When they summoned John Adams to appear before the school committee of Worcester to be examined, he was indignant, and refused at first to go. He said, "I know so much! Those men have no right to examine me. They know far less than I do." Yet his pride began to waver and his father insisted that he should go. Anyhow he did go. They examined the young man and he was rejected. The committee decided he did not know enough to teach school in Worcester. Of all the crushing blows that seemed to come to that young man, that was the severest. Broken down beyond measure, he said, "With all that I know and all that I have inherited, I have been rejected." For a time he abandoned all his hopes and all his ambitions in life. But the stone which the builders rejected in Worcester, was afterward to become the head of the corner, and some years afterward that same city turned out to ac-

claim him as the President of the United States. The very men who had been on that school committee were now ashamed to see him, even in the distance, because of the fact that he had become "the head of the corner."

Such was the singular thing in the history of Thomas Jefferson, who was also from a fine family in Virginia. He got into a controversy with Governor Dunmore over the Boston Port Bill, passed by Great Britain. Young Jefferson was very open in his declaration that Boston should be a free port, and Virginia was secretly mustering its forces to help Boston rebel against Great Britain. But Governor Dunmore, with an ardent friendship for England and King George III, looked down upon the young man with disdain, refused to speak to him, turned him out of his office and forbid him ever to come near him again. The Governor of the great State refused to have anything more to do with him. At that hour Jefferson was rejected by the builders, and he felt that life was no longer worth living under such disgrace. Friends also refused to have anything to do with him. The young women turned away from him and would not be seen with him. Friends rejected him when he appeared

at any invited occasion. Poor, disgraced Jefferson, whom the builders rejected! But there came a day in Philadelphia when Jefferson sat at a table drawing up the Declaration of Independence for the coming United States. He had become the head of the corner. That very time he was drawing up that Declaration of Independence, one of the friends who refused to speak to him when he was in disgrace was moving in the House of Burgesses in Virginia, a complimentary resolution in favor of the stand that Jefferson had taken. He was the "head of the corner," which only so few years before the builders had rejected.

John Quincy Adams for three years tried to get clients as a lawyer. People looked upon him as a peculiar individual, not particularly gifted, and consequently, he could get no practice, was disappointed again and again and was going down into poverty. One afternoon the question was before the people of Boston, as to whether they should go into alliance with France in her war with England, just after the Revolutionary War. The American people were so deeply in sympathy with France for the help they had given us in the Revolution, that they felt that

we ought to go into immediate alliance with France against England. The prejudices at that time were very strong against England. But young John Quincy Adams took that stand that we ought not to go into alliance with France. He claimed that England was no more to blame than France in the controversy; and although we loved France so much and were so greatly indebted to her, we must not do an inconsistent or wicked thing, even in the case of such a friendship as that. He was out-spoken about it. He had opened a little office and started his law practice under Government support. Immediately his clients fell off because of the stand which he took. But the stone which the builders rejected was later to become the head of the corner. John Quincy Adams sank seemingly out of sight altogether. But George Washington heard of him, and George Washington felt that John Quincy Adams was right. He felt that we ought not to go to war with any nation unless it was for a just cause, no matter what might have been our previous situation, and while Washington sympathized with France and loved France for what she had done for us, he took the stand of John Quincy Adams; and upon

that thought he was nominated and elected President.

Adams was appointed immediately as Minister to the Netherlands, which was the foundation of all his great subsequent career. The hand of God seems to have worked out the same result.

Jackson seemed to have been disgraced when he married a divorced woman about whom many scandals had been circulated. She had secured her divorce by the acts of the Legislature of Virginia. It was not lawful. He did not know that and she did not know it. Thus they were not legally married, and two years after their first marriage they were married again. Their home life was one of the loveliest in history. She threw a feminine influence on his life that was most powerful for good. But many people began to criticise their action in living together for two years without being legally married. The scandal circulated and the young man was not received in society, was refused the political office which he had expected; disgraced, turned aside, hated by every one but his wife. The stone which the builders rejected. The very leaders of that society which refused him admission, and which blamed him unjustly, a

few years later sought an interview with Mrs. Jackson to tell her how much they regretted that they ever took any such position as they did, years before. His wife very modestly and quietly stood by him through all the years and at last led him to Christ. The most profane man in the United States became the man of the cleanest language, and Andrew Jackson served the Lord with a devotion that was one of the marvels of our history. "The stone which the builders rejected became the head of the corner."

But this was especially the case of Abraham Lincoln, when in his early life the people rebuked him. It is a most tender and touching story that we read of Lincoln when he was defeated in his first candidacy for the Legislature of Illinois. He was a young man, unknown, brought in from the forest. But he had studied, and read, until he felt an ambition to be in the Legislature. The great majority was against him, and he was defeated. Poor Abraham Lincoln! He said, "I will go back into the forest splitting rails; I will have nothing more to do with politics." The builders had rejected Abraham Lincoln. But he became the head of the corner.

I heard General Garfield relate that when

he was teaching school he had no further ambition; all he expected to do was to make enough to be sure of his board and clothes. He had no appreciation of political promotion. When he was elected to the Presidency of Hiram College in Ohio it was a very close vote,—only one vote more than necessary to elect him. But afterward, he became the head of the corner. Such was the case with McKinley; such was the case with Harrison.

The Presidents of the United States in their lives fully illustrate Jesus' great saying that "the stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner." When we stand as we do at this point in history, we are reminded of this saying by the continual recurrence of victories after defeats.

I was consulted concerning the life of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, of the "Ladies' Home Journal," as some business men proposed to make a biographical moving picture of Curtis, so that people could look at it from all the different standpoints, and take courage. If we begin on the inside, or at the beginning, of his biography we will be at a very great disadvantage. We meet a quiet, modest man. But if we would get at the real influence of the greater Curtis, we must go into the homes

where his publications go, see the influence of those magazines upon the lives of those in those homes,—upon the mother, the father, the children; upon the associations around that home; upon literature; upon science, upon religion. You cannot measure the influence of Mr. Curtis' life by his early life when I used to know him in Boston, away back there in the early years. You must travel slowly down the years to see what has been wrought through his influence day by day, in England, India, Canada and other places; see what he has wrought out by the distribution of his literature through the world, and then turn around and look back on his victorious ascent.

In hard times, when "being rejected by the builders," many opportunities appear in which to become wealthy,—opportunities to engage in great enterprises that would not otherwise be possible. It all points to the Christ back of history,—that great figure that stands up there by the Sea of Galilee two thousand years ago and whose influence goes out in ever widening circles as the years roll on. "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." What hath not God wrought out of One so humble, so obscure,—

living in lowly Nazareth, out of which no great thing ever came. Yet that man, in that place, rejected by the scholars; rejected by His neighbours; with no aristocratic family connections, becomes the great Corner Stone of the Christian Religion, which has affected every good thing that we see in our civilization.

I went to the hospital the other day and saw a hundred of those ministering angels—the nurses—caring for the sick. My mind looked back through 2000 years, along a straight line, to the Sea of Galilee. I thought how what was being done now was one result of the teaching, example and sacrifice of Christ.

If you go into the great libraries of the World and select from those shelves the choicest of books from the collection, they all point back to Christ. He has now become the head of the corner. Then he was rejected of men. He was cast aside by the builders.

We are today living in an age of wonders. One of the greatest of all wonders was the Conference at Washington. It is a marvelous thing to see coming into that Conference the Spirit of Christ; the Spirit of Jesus; the Spirit of Equity; the Spirit of Friendship.

What a great thing it is to see gathered there the Nations of the Earth,—Japan, China, England, America and the other Nations in that Council,—to see this country trying to do "the fair thing." What a beautiful thing for the Nations of the Earth to do,—to find Japan doing the fair thing by China,—in mercy; in justice, in kindness. As day by day that Conference goes on there develops more of that Christian Spirit which prevails strongly in this country and which is pointing more and more surely to that greater Conference that will be a fraternal Parliament for all the Nations of the Earth. It is to become the cornerstone, as the once rejected Christ is to become the cornerstone of this new civilization which is being founded in the City of Washington at this hour. Let us pray for it; remember it; rejoice over it, and let us be assured that the stone which the builders rejected at Galilee has become now the head of the corner. Defeats in a righteous cause are victories in disguise.

V

POWER TO RISE AGAIN

IN the tenth chapter of John, we find Jesus explaining His burial and resurrection to the Apostles, but they do not understand. He stated: "I lay down my life that I may take it again. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again."

Every person who visits a church should receive something; and many difficulties present themselves to the preacher. It does not matter so much what is said from the pulpit, as people can get direct communications from God, get thoughts and hopes and inspirations that the pulpit could not give. It is often only a very small part of one's worship to hear what the preacher has to say. You could go to church with no preacher in the pulpit, and there sing and pray and receive spiritual messages that will direct your steps or will do away with your sorrow and care. You can get to the Lord without pulpit ministrations at all; not that the pulpit ministrations are

helpless; but that the worship of God does not all consist in listening to some one's statement of some theory or doctrine.

Jesus said, "I have power to lay down my life and I have power to take it again." When Christ said that, no one believed it. Even the men who had traveled with Him all that time; who had seen His wonderful miracles; who had never heard Him say an untruthful thing, and who had never seen Him do an act that was not consistent with a divine, upright life, did not believe that. When He said that He had power to lay down His life, and that He had power to take it up again, no one believed that He meant it literally.

When He was crucified and His body was laying in the tomb, the disciples assembled in that upper chamber in sorrow and with broken hearts because they did not believe the statement that in three days He should rise again.

It is only a repetition of a process which had occurred millions of times before and as many times since, in the history of every movement on earth toward God. They have had their gloomy hours; their times of unbelief; their moments of doubt—and you have

had yours, and I have come now to counsel with you about it.

Many things occur that we do not believe will occur, and it is strange that we do not learn, after them, to have more faith and more cheer.

When I was born there were no railroads across the country; you could not go at the rate of a mile a minute toward any quarter of the globe When I was born there was no way of crossing the ocean in steamships. We were far, far away from the old country when I was born. When I was born we had no telegraph; no way of sending by wire communications from one place to another. Only as recent as when I was born there were no telephones; no such thing as dynamite. There are a thousand things now that I need not recite that people did not believe would ever come to pass. If Jesus had said you would speak from New York to San Francisco and be distinctly heard there, no one would have believed that then, but miracles are ever repeating themselves. No one believed that you would travel in the air, but now there are regular airship lines from place to place through the air.

Who would have believed that in one single

epoch we would have made the advance in medical and surgical science, so as to save lives as they were not saved then except by miracle? Who would have believed in the advance of civilization so that millions would dwell together, with consideration for each community's health and safety? Who would have believed that the Christian Church would have reached its millions, with preachers stationed in every quarter of the world? Though Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"—no person believed it could be done.

There are so many things done which we did not believe could be done that it should make us pause. When any person of trustworthiness makes a statement beyond our present belief, be careful what you say cannot be done.

It was only a short time ago that a man apparently drowned was dragged out of the sea at Narragansett, and laid down upon the ground for dead. They called a physician, who said he was dead, and they made arrangements to carry the body back across the boardwalk and the mother came, an old gray-haired woman, and she said, "Oh, isn't there anything that can be done for him?" "No,"

they said, "nothing more can be done." Yet there came along a young man who was something of an athlete, an expert swimmer. He said, "Why don't we try; why don't we try?" Maybe he is only insensible—not wholly dead." Although they could not detect any beating of the heart. So they began to work on him, trying a method used in cases less desperate, and they worked on him for fifteen or twenty minutes with no signs of life, and every one said, "You cannot do anything with him—it is useless," and the old mother knelt upon the sand praying to the Lord to save her son. "Save my son," she cried, and yet she did not believe it could be done. Yet, a few minutes later, there came evidences of return to life, and the lungs were made to expand by artificial process, the heart resumed its normal beat, and the man came back to full health. They did not believe it could be done. The reason I mention this case is because the very next year there was a similar accident at the same place, the same witnesses who were present at the former restoration did not believe it could be done the second time. The man was saved the second time, and yet the same doubts came to them, "It cannot be done." Yet since that time, by appliances that have

been furnished by scientific advancement, a person can be restored who has seemingly been drowned for a long time. I do not remember exactly the time which the convention of medical men held recently stated in their discussion, within which life could be restored to a drowning person, but I think they mentioned cases where a man had been seemingly drowned for half an hour who had been restored to life.

The Apostles did not believe that Jesus could descend into the tomb, lay there for three days and then take His life up again. I once had a woman visit me, who wished to know whether it would be right to commit suicide, and she was in such deep despair that I said to my congregation one Sunday, "I do not know where she is tonight, whether her body is floating down the Delaware; whether she returned to her life of sin, or whether she had reformed; I told them that she had no one to whom she would go for help, no friends or relatives. Since then I received a letter from her in which she states that she had turned around completely, and the thing she most feared did not come to pass at all. Her reformed life was a possibility she had not believed. She was sure it could not be done,

and yet in a very few weeks' time she had turned unto the Lord, as she said in a letter to her friend, who thought it was impossible. Nothing is impossible with the Lord.

A man in a country town in Massachusetts was arrested for breaking into a house, though he did not understand it was burglary. But he broke in with bad motives; and consequently he was arrested, tried for burglary, convicted and sent to prison for five years. When that young man, only twenty-two years of age, came out of that prison every one told him, "Your life is blasted for all time." They had said it to thousands of others and they believed it, but this young man did not believe it. Not one of his friends would listen to him; no one but his old mother, none of his family relations, would have anything to do with him. They told him he had disgraced them all and to get out of town. But he said, "I am going to live right; I am going to stay right here and face the disgrace and live it down." He went to the preacher, and the good preacher said, "I would advise you to go somewhere else; if you come into my congregation the Christian people will shun you. No good family will speak to you. You cannot get along in this town." But the

young man, believing that it could be done, said, "I will sit in the back pew or stand by the door; I will go down these streets here where I have lived, and I will go to church every Sunday and win back the respect I lost since I have been in prison." Thousands of men have said, "That is impossible." They have come forth from the gates of the prisons of our own city; I have seen many of them in the years past when in the sorrow of their irrepressible grief, they say, "There is nothing more for me but go on in crime again or die of starvation." But that young man believed it could be done. He began to live down his old life, and now in the Congress of the United States he has been for fourteen years one of our great statesmen, he has accumulated large wealth and rebuilt the very church where people would not welcome him. He is one of our noblest men, although he spent five years in prison for burglary, but he lived it all down because he said, "It could be done!"

I saw a man one day reeling along the street and said to him, "My friend, you have been drinking too much; can I assist you to your home?" He replied, "I don't drink; I want you to understand that I don't drink." Well, his breath plainly told me that he was

intoxicated, and I said to him, "You have been drinking too much; you don't walk as straight as I do, and I have the rheumatism." He turned to me with a smile and said, "Partner, I am a disgrace; a disgrace to everybody; I don't want to go home." When a friend came along and took charge of him, I said, "My man, you don't need to be a disgrace to your family; you can reform." But he would insist on saying, "I cannot reform; it is too late; I have gotten such an appetite that there is no use of my trying; I cannot go by a saloon without going in; I would go crazy if I did not have my drink; it is all too late." Other drunkards have said it continually, "It is too late; it cannot be done," and yet you do not need to go a hundred yards from where you sit tonight to find men who were just as deep under that temptation as any man you know, and yet they sit here, clothed in their right minds, respectable citizens. It can be done.

Two boys who had inherited a mill stood after the fire on the side of the road—not even a wall of the mill left—all gone; everything they had was taken away, and the two boys discussed what they would do. They both said, "There does not seem to be much hope

for us; not much hope for us." One of them said, "I believe we had better give up the idea of doing anything here—better not try, but the other boy said, "I want to think it over; I believe something can yet be done in this place. The two brothers separated, children of the same father and mother, brought up in the same home, having the same education, the same classes in school, the same disposition, the same amount of courage, and they parted company the next morning, one of them to go to the city, and the other stayed where the mill had been destroyed. The boy believed it could be done, and other people said, "No use of your trying it." But the other day when I was passing by on the train I saw fifteen great mills where that mill had stood, and all owned by the boy who had said, "I will stay and rebuild this mill again." The other boy, I don't know where he is; I don't think he even owns his own home; has probably not more than enough to pay his board and his clothes, while the other brother who believed it could be done has an income from millions.

It has been said that "you cannot cure paralysis; that there is no cure for it; might as well let the children die who have it."

Yet we are finding cures for paralysis. Children who are afflicted with paralysis and *are* cured right along, perhaps all of them, so far as I know. Anyhow a cure for paralysis has been found, but so long as the doctors said, "It cannot be done," there was no progress made. But now that we have believed it can be done, we have discovered that children do not need to be thus afflicted, and we shall, probably, soon reach a point where we will be able to say when paralysis strikes a child, that if action is taken immediately, the child will never die from that disease. We are coming to that. People say it canot be done—"It cannot be done!" We will find an entire cure for it very soon, and the only way to find it is to believe it can be done and go after it. That's the way to find out about it. We have power.

We are tempted beyond measure; we fall into temptation and we believe we cannot escape, and yet the Saviour says that He will come in and help us so that we will not fall into temptation if we do our part. WHOEVER WILL MAY BE SAVED FROM TEMPTATION!

There is a town in Pennsylvania where fire swept the entire village. Nothing was left but ashes on the sides of the streets, and the

people came together and talked it over and most of them said, "Nothing can be done; we have lost all." Nearly every person said, "We have lost everything; there is nothing to build with; there is nothing here to start with again; no use in trying again." Finally an old lady who had lived in town but a short time made a speech in which she said to them, "Begin now! Have faith in God and faith in yourselves and begin now—all you who believe it can be done start together now." Now no finer streets are walked by the feet of man than those trod by the feet of the people of that noble city, where they returned among those ashes to put up their buildings and begin business again under the greatest difficulties. People would not loan them money because there was nothing to give as security. But now that grand and beautiful city stands there in all its activity, with its schools and its business blocks, and its churches sending their spires to the heavens, because the people believed they had power.

I was once called in to attend a meeting when a large church in Boston had been burned for the second time. I had been a member of the church before that meeting, though I was not a member at that time. The

meeting was held in an adjoining hall. The treasurer read a statement at that meeting that the mortgage was so great and the insurance so small that the church was in debt to the amount of $118,000. It was a most discouraging thing, and many of them felt like running away. But one good old man, God bless him, got up and said, "I believe it can be rebuilt. I believe we have power to raise the money and pay our debt, if we go at it with faith in God and construct another building in its place." Today, that congregation worships in the largest church in all the east. Today that church worships in a building that cost $600,000; today a mighty congregation attends its services because a few men believed it could be done, when many were ready to say, "It cannot be done."

When our own church in Philadelphia was built people said, "It can never be paid for; it is too great an undertaking for so few people," and it was hard for us to see that it could ever be done. There were many who said that it could not be done. There were many people who left the church because they were so afraid we would get so in debt that we could never get out of it. They said, "It cannot be done." But here we are, worshiping this

evening, and we have the church so nearly paid for that we will wipe out all the indebtedness very soon, and we have paid for it over and over again in the work we have done for the world, and yet many people said, "It cannot be done."

Jesus said, "I can lay down my life and I can take it up again." Many persons who are lost and far from God say, "There is no use of my trying to repent; I have fallen from grace; it can't be done. But *I say to you tonight,* "It can be done." We can rise again; man can get up again from the worst condition of sin; from the worst condition of poverty; from the worst condition of ignorance—he can rise again. O that I could put these words into the life of every person who hears me, so that he would take them home with him! "I CAN RISE AGAIN!" We may have been discouraged; we may have been defeated; we may have gone down to sorrow and trials seemingly to their extremes until we said, "We cannot go down any further; we cannot get back what we have lost, but as sure as God is God and hope is hope, and faith is faith, in every man there lives a resurrection power—he can return! If he has lost everything he can get it back again. If he has lost

anything of worth beyond money he can get it back again, and if he does not live again in this life he can live to the perfection of happiness in the life over there.

Christ said, "When I lay down my life I will rise again." Ask yourselves why He rose again. It was not necessary to Him to rise again, to come back to this earthly life again and live for forty days among His disciples. For what purpose was it? It was to confirm the truth of what He had said concerning His teaching throughout the three years of His ministry. It was to set the seal upon His divinity in the eyes of His disciples. It was to teach them that though we go down to the very depth yet we can rise again. We can do it in ten thousand ways in our daily lives—we can live again. If we have lost all we had we can get it back; if we have lost our property we can get it again; we can rise from the dead. This is the great lesson for those who do not believe there is a possibility for you to rise to higher and better things.

But the greatest lesson lies in the fact that Christ rose from the dead and gave assurance to all the world that His teachings were true, and He was the Son of the living God and whom even death could not hold; to make true

His saying that "though I go down to death I have power to rise again," and He said the power He had for Himself He would give unto us, that we should have that power to rise again when we go down to death and to rise in that eternal world.

My mind has been much centered on the fact that nearly every person that hears me or reads the things I write has met with some disappointment; some trouble; some temptation; given way to some sin, and feel perhaps that there is no use in trying again. But I appeal to you all out of a brother's heart that you turn around and say, "It can be done; I can rise again!" Ask God to help you and *will* to do it.

Rise up in Christ Jesus! Be a better Christian if you have professed Christ before, and if you have never professed Christ accept Him. You can rise into His image. You have the power through the overcoming Christ.

VI

WILL YOU BE MISSED?

MY text is in the twentieth chapter of First Samuel, verse eighteen: "Then Jonathan said to David, Tomorrow is the new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

The reason why David was missed is something that is worthy of the attention of every man and woman. It contains a great truth.

A man is known by the company he don't keep; and he is also known by the things he don't do. We often speak of the converse of this statement, but we do not emphasize this.

Now David was missed because he was hated by bad men. That was to his credit, to the honour of his position as a young man. He left his home and all hopes of future promotion when he had the promise that he should be made the head of the nation, that he should be made King. But he left it all. It is a great thing, young men and women, to

be hated by bad men. Woe unto you when all men speak well of you. Woe unto you when you have no enemies, because no man can be right without sometimes crossing the track of those who are wrong.

David was hated by the politicians; by those wild and savage, those brutal and barbarous tribes along the shores of the Mediterranean. He was hated by them all, for they had tried to rob him, they had tried to murder his people; and no one is injured so much as he who injures another. No man hates a transgressor so much as the transgressor hates his victim. Palestine hated all Israel and all the Jews, and especially hated this young man. To be hated by bad men is a great accomplishment for a young man.

George B. Angell started the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and he loved the beasts of the field, and the dogs and the cats, and the horses, and he seemed to have a sympathy for them beyond anything I have ever seen; and very frequently in my law office I was called upon to represent the Society when people were arrested for brutal treatment of their animals—and George B. Angell was the most hated man in Boston. And after he had carried on that campaign

for about ten years he was despised by all the people who had been arrested, and by their friends, and he was feared by all those who did not take care of their animals, and he was in the disfavour of a certain class of people whom he had offended. One day Wendell Phillips, in introducing him on a public occasion to speak for the Society, said: "Those who love animals and defend them cannot be defended by animals, but they are attacked by men; and let it be said to Brother Angell's credit that he has more enemies in Boston than any other man I know, and all those enemies are among the worst classes of the city." What a great credit it was to say that of George B. Angell.

It is not so many years since Anthony Comstock first began to carry on his great campaign in the city of New York against obscene literature, and the low, and the wicked, and the vile of that great city hated Anthony Comstock, and his views were held up to contumely and insult, and he was often mobbed on the streets. Yet what was it to him to be mobbed for a cause such as he represented!

A short time ago William J. Burns, the eminent detective, was the most unpopular

man in the whole country, because he arrested so many men under various circumstances, and all their friends and all parties connected with them were deeply prejudiced against him; and it took Burns years to overcome those enemies which have arisen against him among the criminal classes of this country.

Time was when Washington was so unpopular that there was open talk about impeaching him as President of the United States. He was accused by politicians as a mere schemer, a man whose word could not be trusted; a man who misused public funds. And yet the men who accused him, when you study the history of their lives, you will find, were a wicked, low class; many of them ended in the penitentiary, and some of them murdered other people, as was the case with Aaron Burr. George Washingtan was hated, and it is to his honour that we speak of it. He was hated by bad men.

I remember Lincoln's unpopularity at a time when he was endeavouring to make compromises with the Southern States in order to settle the war; when he was in favour of extreme forbearance, and the people of the North as well as of the South seemed to be opposed to that merciful measure; and Lin-

coln then hardly dared go down the street for fear of a mob attacking him.

On Memorial Days, when we especially bring to mind characters like that of Abraham Lincoln, let us learn the great truth that he who is hated of bad men will be honoured of God.

I remember walking over the fields in West Brookfield, Massachusetts, and seeing the homestead of Lucy Stone Blackwell, that great woman advocate of women's rights and that advocate of liberty of every kind for men and women, and it brought to my mind how strangely Christ used that girl in West Brookfield. She was a person of high and noble impulses, of pure mind, of culture and intellect, and she behaved herself like a lady almost at every point. But she did a very unladylike thing—so the local people there thought. There was a colored boy who worked around the railroad station at West Brookfield, and when a boy had his arm crippled; and he went out to pick berries, and the white boys and girls also went out into the berry field, and the white boys began to pelt this colored boy with stones and sticks. But little Lucy Stone Blackwell, though small then, saw the injustice of the attack by the

wicked white boys upon this defenseless, crippled colored boy and she went out with a pail half full of berries and smashed it over the head of one of the white boys about to throw a stone. From that day on to the end of her life she was honoured by America as one of the most lovely of women. Then there was Lucretia Mott, and she was one of the most loved of women. She gained attention everywhere and the respect even of the worst classes of people; but Lucy Stone Blackwell had the enmity of people because of her fierce, open, brave attacks against all things that were wrong, and an illustration that comes to my mind is found in the love letter which her husband before their marriage wrote to her mother, and in that letter Mr. Blackwell said:

"I love her for the enemies that she has made."

I remember hearing, not long ago, of a boy who used to stand in front of the Sherman House in Chicago some years ago. He was the only child of a widow, and he was obliged to earn his living by selling papers. But he was greatly disliked by the other newsboys because he went to evening school to learn something and they did not, and he attracted the other newsboys' jealousy for that reason.

Another reason why he was disliked was that he often spoke of his mother. The boys made sport of him for being a "mother's boy" and of being tied to his mother's apron strings. Sometimes they invited him to smoke, and then they asked him to play craps. But he would not do either. Because he would not do any of those things that newsboys so often do which are wrong he was disliked by them, and they would not speak to him. When he became Miss Willard's stenographer he was disliked, because he determined in that office to be the very best stenographer in the place. He was so accurate, he was so careful, he was so conscientious and worked often so long after hours that he became very unpopular. All the other stenographers would leave promptly at five o'clock, but he would often stay until half past five, and was assailed before the labor unions. He was so faithful, doing his duty to the full, that he became very unpopular. When he was in college he was at the head of the class because he always had his lessons thoroughly prepared. He was often referred to as authority when any questions between professor and students arose, and he has been for years the head of the State University of West Virginia. He has

been known as the youngest of all our college presidents.

But David was missed not only because he had done his work well and because wicked men were against him, but he was missed because he had so many people dependent upon him.

J. H. Patterson, of the National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio, made himself at one time the most unpopular of men by trying to do good. When he started in business he started out with the purpose of employing many people; he determined to be of more use to his employes than to simply give them wages. So one day he desired to clean up that section of Dayton near his factory, and he went around personally and called on the people, asking them if they would not clean up their front yards and back yards, in order that the town might be more sanitary. Some of them complied with his wishes and others said it was none of his business, and were offended. But he determined to bring them in time. He secured a photographer to go around the places where the fences were down and the gate was hanging on one hinge and where the rubbish was scattered around the yard, and took a picture of

each one of those places and exhibited the pictures as a disgrace to the city of Dayton. It made him exceedingly unpopular for the time; and if you will go to that great factory, one of the largest on earth, supporting so many families, sending so many children to school, supporting so many churches in the worship of God, you will find there the spirit of the love of mankind which Mr. Patterson put into it.

When a man enters any political undertaking he must expect to have enemies. You cannot be mayor of a city without having enemies; because for every office you will have many people applying. Consequently, you will have five hundred and fifty-nine disappointed out of every five hundred and sixty applicants. Where you keep one friend to whom you gave the position, you will have five hundred and fifty-nine enemies among those who were disappointed in not getting the place. The President of the United States has that difficulty to contend with from those who seek office, both in his own party and by those of the opposing party. He who goes into any public office must make up his mind that he is going to meet with strong, unjust opposition; he must expect it,

must be prepared to contend with it and contend with it in a reasonable fraternal way.

Religious undertakings, the reforms for the good of the people in the uplift of their worship, have immediately met with criticism, for all forms of opposition arise in religious work. There is no time when men seem to be so willing to deceive, and lie, and steal, and even murder, as in religious bigotry. Nothing is more bitter, without going back to the days of the inquisition, than the superstitious disagreement over some unimportant question.

David was especially missed because so many people depended on him. What a beautiful picture to see husband and father going away from home in the morning, taking his dinner pail, standing at the door, bidding the child good-bye, leaving his advice and his kiss, turning down the street, and then to watch them looking after him. They are going to miss him all day. They will anxiously wait until evening time comes to hear his returning footsteps and see his face. They will come to the front hall to meet him when he comes home, because they have missed him. Oh, man or woman, is there no one to miss you after you go away from home? If there is no one on hand to welcome you when you

come home in the evening, to welcome you with a kiss of love when you enter the door, your fate is a sad one. How sweet a thing it is to be missed, and what a duty it is to our Christ and to God that we should live that life from which we will be missed. Oh, the bread winners of the world, who go out to work for their families—their wives and their children! When death comes to them, and the coffin is carried to the cemetery, and the family returns to the darkness of that home, oh, how he is missed! Yet, if we die, and are not missed, we have no claim to eternal life.

There were many dependent upon David, and the ambition of his life in the hope to be a ruler was that he might have power to gather around him many men and their families of the nation dependent upon him.

I have been very much interested in the life of Sir Thomas Lipton. He is known best, perhaps, in this country by the fact that he contended for the "America" cup in the great yacht races. But Sir Thomas Lipton's early ambition was to be *an employer* of other people. Am I addressing young men now with life before you, not over thirty-five years of age, who are working for some one else, complaining about your wages and about the poor

position you occupy? You should be an employer! There are many people who are employers now who had less opportunity than you have had, and you should not be in your situation tonight—you should be an employer. Sir Thomas Lipton is said to have been a young man in the city of New York who came over from Scotland to seek his fortune. He sought for work. Lord, pity the man who has struggled for weeks for work and has found it not! Nearly sixteen years of age, he stood there on John Street, in New York, in front of a little grocery store. He had no means to go in and buy the bread he saw in that window; he was so tired that his limbs would no longer carry him, and he sat down in front of that store, homeless, friendless, out of work. The good man, seeing him there as he closed the store, gave him a piece of bread. He walked away and sat outside all night. But on that night he said, "Lord, give me the opportunity to furnish poor men with work!"

The ambition came to him then and there. God must have put him through that experience for some purpose; God must have put it into his mind to help the men who were out of work, and God's providence led him back

to Glasgow, where his father assisted him somewhat, and where he worked very late and long in a little grocery store in that city. His desire was to employ people. He had such a passion for it that his father hardly dared trust him to carry on the business, for fear of his paying away all his money to the people he employed. But he was wise enough and careful enough to recognize the fact that he must take care of his own capital going to employ more men. He opened one store after another, never making any large profits for himself; but now he has stores in all parts of the world. He owns a great tea plant in Ceylon, and he has owned, they tell me, the very store before which he stood on that dark night, hungry and wanting something to do. He is one of the wealthiest men of the world, yet he employed all his capital all the time for the further enlargement of his business with the desire ever to employ as many men as possible.

Leland Stanford, who endowed the great Leland Stanford University, in California, is another illustration of this thought of David. He was born, I think, in New York, and was living in Vermont when he conceived the idea that he would like to give employment to all

the school boys who went home with him. He went to his father and urged the father to employ those boys, and his father said to him: "If you want to employ those bright boys, I will give you a chance to do so yourself. I wish to have this piece of land cleared of timber so that I can cultivate it; I will give you the lumber and you may sell it, and you may bring to aid you all the boys you choose, only they must know that I am not responsible for their wages." Those young men began to clear that ground. They cut 1800 ties for the Delaware and Hudson Railroad. He employed seventeen of the boys, and they worked together like grown men. He cleared only $18.50. But that was the foundation of his great wealth. For a little later than that he went to California, and there he adopted the same plan; so that whenever the poor miners came to the city and wanted work he tried to furnish all these poor fellows with work. He realized that the great need in their city life was something to do. That work was enlarged until he had 4000 men in his employ; and when the time came that California must be kept in the National Union or go to the Southern Confederacy, congress voted to aid in building the Pacific

railroads. He saw the opportunity to employ a great many people on that railroad, and it was on the 10th of May, 1869, that he stood at the junction of the Central Pacific Railroad, out at Ogden, where they gave him one spike of gold, another one of silver and another one of iron, representing the Three States centering at that point, and he drove down the last three spikes of that great connection between the East and the West. What a great privilege it was for him to return home, having given constant employment to 50,000 people. It did his heart good, and brought considerable profit to himself. It enabled him to give a million dollars to endow the Leland Stanford University.

It was in Wilbraham, Mass., where my brother and I had to live in the attic of an old, unfurnished farm house, with the rafters of the roof all bare and with only a gable window at one end of the house. When we went there to "board ourselves" we had a little stove, on which we had to cook our own cornmeal, and we found it necessary to have a table. The good old man who owned the place said there was a rough old table in the garret we might have. We brought out the old table, which consisted of one board on

three legs, and when we sat down for the first time to eat our cornmeal my brother noticed the name of *Charles Pratt* carved upon that table. It appeared that Charles Pratt had boarded at the same place when he went to school there, boarded in the same attic. When I was called upon to address the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York, a few weeks ago, I went into the hall where hangs the picture of Charles Pratt, the great benefactor of Brooklyn. I was standing before it, and there was a sketch of his biography. He had only one year of education at Wilbraham Academy. How it connected the threads of history back to "Charles Pratt" in that old attic! He could only afford to go to school one year. He went to the library in Boston and there studied evenings such books as he could get; and he secured a very thorough education, after all. But he had a passion for employing men. He wanted to employ the boys and girls, and it was such a passion with him that he sought for places where he had no interest to secure employment for them, and he employed personally as many people as he could in connection with his own grocery business in Watertown, Mass. Afterward he went into the produc-

tion of oil and became one of the millionaires of that day, and established the Pratt Institute, in order to give all the people the advantage of a practical education. They are doing there now for Brooklyn what the Temple University is doing for Philadelphia. As I stood there and looked on that portrait, I thought how Philadelphia also was indebted to Charles Pratt for employment of its people in five of the great industries today in which he took much stock in order to furnish men with work.

Charles Pratt, when he died, was greatly missed. The city of Brooklyn went into deepest mourning; on the street corners they whispered his name; over 6000 of his employes stopped work for the day and wore crepe upon their arms. He was greatly honoured and loved, because he furnished people with work, and was one of the greatest philanthropists of the world.

David, in the third place, was missed because he was "sincerely loved." Oh, how Jonathan loved him! Loved him with a sublimer affection than a woman. He was greatly beloved by men and honoured by them for what he had already done, and more for the promise of what he was to be. Even

Jonathan told him that he was to be King, and Jonathan was willing to take a second place.

I stood one day in that great palace where William of Orange was assassinated. Few statesmen or warriors were ever so adored. The people of Netherlands, when William of Orange was killed, were so filled with woe, they missed him so sadly, they loved him so much, that they could not work. The historian of the siege of Leyden said that for days the people could not work; that they wept and could not eat—they missed their loved prince of Orange so much. He had led them through great religious trials and persecutions. He had guided them with kindness, tenderness and unselfishness, and he was consequently missed beyond any citizen of that great Netherland nation. No citizen of the world, except Abraham Lincoln, was ever missed like William of Orange.

I sat on a platform in a town in New Jersey one day with Mr. Cattell, who told how he came to the funeral of Abraham Lincoln in Independence Square, Philadelphia, and stood there all night in order to get into that line, pass that coffin and look upon the face of the martyred President. I stood

by that coffin before it reached Philadelphia, when it was opened in Washington. Men came up to that coffin with trembling hands, and when they looked upon the face of that great man they burst into tears and loud wails—men and women fainted, filled with grief because of the loss of "Old Abe," "Father Abraham," the true leader of the whole nation, loved in the South as well as in the North, because he was so just and reasonable to the South. Dying as he did, at the time he did, he was wept for in almost every Northern home and in every Southern home. If they did not weep, they treated his memory with profound respect.

Oh, to be missed! It is one of the great blessings of life to come to the end of it and to be so loved that one will be deeply missed. Why do I speak of this life of David? Because it is a great illustration from the Old Testament of what Christ teaches in the New. It brings out the life of the benefactor, the one who has helped his fellowmen—the life of him who lives not for self, but for others. It teaches that he who lives that life wins the favour of Almighty God.

I want to say it with more emphasis than I said it last week, especially to the young

men and women: Will you be missed for your goodness? Will you be missed by those who are dependent upon you for your help? By those who love you? If you were taken away tomorrow, how much would you be missed? If you say you would be but little missed, then turn your mind to greater things. Determine to be of more service under God, and for Jesus Christ's sake live that life that will in the years to come unroll and develop into that fullness, so that when you die people will weep; when you die people will stand still and long be sad.

Oh, to live in this life so that you will be missed when you are gone, for the very fact that you are missed will carry your influence on through the ages. Christ, when He left this world, was missed—so missed that the memory of Him remains in mighty power, increasing in power through the ages. That kind of life is the life that counts for this world as well as for the life to come.

VII

A WELCOMING SMILE

I WANT to take forcible possession of the eighth verse of the fourth chapter of Second Timothy: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

And these are the words of my text, "And not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing."

Sometimes, with the artistic work of the electrician, elaborate designs have been worked out in lamps of various colors and have been placed in front of some prominent building, and when the darkness was deepest some man turned the key and let on the current. With one great flood of dazzling light the entire design flashed out upon the astonished multitude. So when one goes through this book, this Bible, he sometimes comes upon a thought in a text which seems suddenly illuminated by a spiritual electric force

and flashes out with a superb brilliancy which startles and fills with awe the meditating mind. This text is one of those. In order to get the full sweep of the meaning of these words, "Unto all them also that love his appearing," one needs to go back to the illuminated words of the Greek language, and when you put them into a reasonable literary rendering, using other English words, you may add something to the language here expressed and take nothing from the original. "Unto all them who will smile when He comes."

The language that expresses that simple statement is a language as brilliant as though fire did flash from every letter. Hear it once more, "Not unto me only, but unto all them who will smile when He comes." The literal language properly used may also read, "That will dawn on His morning." The word "appearing" here is used in other places in the Bible to mean the coming of the morning, and the word "love" is often used to express the word "beaming," "smile," as an expression of welcome.

So this beautiful text, illuminated by the spirit back of it, must have had a stronger impression upon those who read it in the Greek

language, which so many of us lose when we read it in the English. "Unto all them that love His dawning"—"all who shall smile when He comes."

I wonder if a baby ever lived which never smiled in its mother's face? Did you ever know of one? But suppose that it were possible for a baby to be brought up by its mother, fed from her breast, pillowed upon her shoulder, making its bed in her arms, listen to her cooing, the subject of her ceaseless day and night care throughout all its developing years, and never smile in her face. What a deformity such a child would really be. And the thought in my mind is, Could a mother love such a child as that? Would not her heart finally turn? Would not love grow bitter and sour and become poisonous, and would she not regard the babe with hate rather than love? I believe she would. I believe the time would come when that mother love, that inexpressibly strong tie of affection, would turn to hatred if the child never smiled in its mother's face.

The apostle, in the original language, is touching that very chord of human nature when he says that there is a crown of righteousness for every soul that will smile when

He comes. What makes a mother love her child? It is the smile of the child. If the child looks up from its cradle and smiles in its mother's eyes that mother can sacrifice anything for that child. She will go anywhere, through fire and chill, through starvation and exposure, and even death itself, for the child who smiles in her face. That mother who, in Western Pennsylvania, was driven from her father's door with her child in her arms, looked in her child's face as it smiled up into hers, and in the cold, sifting snows of that winter storm, she took from herself the wrappings which she needed to save her life and wrapped the child warmly in them and sat in the snow and died for the child that smiled in her face. You, too, would die for a child that did that. It is the very best part of the human heart that it thus is tied with bonds it cannot break by the smiling face of a loved one.

Suppose that friend never smiled when you did anything for him. Suppose that you give a Christmas present, and there is nothing but a stolid look of recognition—how it hurts; how it curdles the blood; how it stings in the brain to have an obligation unrecognized by even the flitting of a smile.

Out in Arizona I saw a young girl, a consumptive, who was being cared for by her brother. It was worth a long journey to see. Why, he anticipated everything that his sister wanted. He was a large, strong man, seemingly rudely built, but he wholly forgot himself in the care of his sister. He would wake up at the slightest motion she made in the train, and he was always at hand to see if there was not something that she wanted. He would not leave her in the train at all to go to the dining car, but he had his lunch sent in to him, and he sat there and ate it with her. He tried to feed her; he would take off her shoes and then replace them with slippers, and then I saw him lift her up tenderly and put her on a couch and cover her up as a mother would a child. When you saw that suffering one smile as she looked up without a word when he laid her so tenderly down you would say that he was well paid for it all. He did not lose anything. He received all that he gave and more, with interest, in the smile of that loving, dying sister. Oh, it makes heroes of men; it makes noble the lowest grade of living to have that smile of welcome recognition come back for the things that are done. So the apostle, reaching into this inner sanctuary

of the soul's holiest existence, opens the door enough for us to glance within, and says that Christ, the very heart of love—Christ, the supreme model—Christ, will give us a crown of righteousness if we meet Him with a smile, a crown for all those whose faces light up like the morning when they see Him coming.

So God values that, does He? I am glad that He is so human that I can understand Him. I am thankful that He is so like unto us, after all, that we can really picture our heavenly Father recognizing us as we smile—is glad that we smile when He comes.

I met a husband not long since who said, "My home is so changed. I do not know why, but I am not happy there." When I inquired into that husband's feelings, he said: "For some reason my wife never smiles when I come in." Oh, the wretched home where no loved one smiles when the husband or father enters. Oh, yes, it is putting hell in the place of heaven. It is placing harshness, hardness, stony-heartedness in the place of loving kindness. If a husband, going up to his door at night, after his long, weary day of labour, knows that there will be a face at that door which will smile to see him come, he will be paid for all his sacrifice and his labour. He

may never say anything. Husbands are too reticent, too stony-hearted in appearance when they are the softest-hearted in fact, so that the wife may never know how her smile influences the husband's life. The parents may never know how their smiles have influenced their children's existence. But to feel that when we come home there will be no smile for us, to have them claim to love us but to seem otherwise, is to lose the most precious things in human experience. Better no supper and a smiling welcome than the richest feast and to sit down to it opposite a stolid countenance.

The apostle Paul goes on to argue in this book that the reason why Jesus so appreciates our smile when we meet Him is because it shows that we appreciate what He has done for us. No one can say that he appreciates Christ unless he has studied Him enough and meditated enough upon His existence to be in a condition of gladness when he feels that Christ has come. Do you dread to hear His steps? Do you start back in terror at the thought that He might come in the clouds now? Then you can recognize in the lesson that the Apostle Paul was teaching, that you are not in the right spirit, that you are not in

His service; you are not where you can be and should be, if you would dread His step, and if your face would wear an expression of terror rather than a smile.

How Christ rebuked the disciples on the Sea of Galilee when they saw Him walking upon the water, and when they arose all affrighted, with hands raised, eyes and mouth open, and terror on every feature, to see Him coming across the water. He, shouting to them, said, "Be of good cheer; smile; cheer up; show some cheer in your welcome; it is I; be not afraid; welcome me with a smile and not with looks of terror."

A smile shows our appreciation of what Christ has done for us. Just as in that machine shop not long ago I stood at the desk talking to the proprietor, and the pattern-maker came up and laid on the desk in front of us a number of patterns for some work they were doing. After the conversation with me had practically finished the proprietor took up the patterns, looked at them, turned around and gazed at the pattern-maker with a smile, which lit up his whole face, and said, "Come in again in an hour or so and I will see you about these." His smile had said it all. I saw the pattern-maker go cheerfully back,

and I heard him whistling in the other room a few minutes later.

If we smile we can express our appreciation so much deeper than by any language. Hence Jesus said that not every one who says, "Lord, Lord," shall enter. Will you really smile with a sincere, heart-giving welcome when He comes? If you do, then you may be assured that you will have a crown of righteousness.

General Grant said that the only way he knew whether he had his father's approval of what he did or not was when his father smiled. General Grant himself inherited a very reticent disposition. His father was a man of very few words, and his boy only knew when he approved of his behaviour by the smile that came to his father's face. General Grant said that he watched for that smile with all the eagerness of a man "watching for the accomplishment of his highest ambition where a single utterance is to decide weal or woe." And so a child watches his father's smile for the appreciation which that smile shows.

But the apostle is speaking, in his dying moments, of greater things, of God's almighty love, and is exhibiting here the thought that our welcome not only shows our

appreciation of Christ, but our great love for Him. How cruel a loving heart may be to hide its affection under a clouded brow. How cruel it often is in the home, where the children would live in light and brightness if the mother would but smile upon them.

And yet there is danger of manufacturing a smile, and that is the worst sham on the face of the earth—to put on one that is entirely superficial is the worst possible form of hypocrisy, and is consequently one of the worst kinds of profanity. To profane a thing so sacred as a smile of welcome is to train one's heart into the most vicious ways. It is difficult to avoid it when you go to the door to meet some one you never cared to see and wished would not put his footstep over your threshold; when you feel that you are obliged to welcome him with a smile. That is indeed a trial; yet it is one of the moral questions that it seems to me we should be very clear upon. To my mind one of the last things that we should be hypocritical upon is a smile of welcome. But that is the way it is—the most holy things, the most valuable things are of course the most often counterfeited, and to my mind the false smile of welcome is the most hypocritical thing that we have any

knowledge of. The poet has said that "a man may smile and smile and be a villain too"; and it is too true. Hence the welcome smile, the dawning face which is here mentioned by the apostle, means one that rises sincerely, from the very depths of the soul—a smile that is a real, positive, hearty, spiritual welcome of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Shall we smile when He comes? It depends altogether upon whether we know Him, and the thought that came to me, and which I thought might be helpful to you, is, Would you know Him if you saw Him?

A sick little girl—a consumptive—at whose bedside I had often prayed and sung, told me a great many times about her uncle who went to Australia from England, when her family came to America. She had never seen her uncle, but she felt positive she would know him if she should see him, from what she had heard her mother say about him, and from having looked at his photograph. At last her uncle, who was quite wealthy, did come to visit that family, and while I was not there at the time, I was there shortly afterwards and asked the little sick girl if she knew her uncle when he came, and she said, "Of course I knew him: I had studied so much about him,

I had looked at his photograph so often, and read so much about him, and heard mother speak so much about him that as soon as he stepped into the room I knew he was Uncle John." I thought of that uncle's joy when he came into that room where he had never been before, and saw a person who had never looked upon his face who at once lovingly recognized him with a smile of welcome. I thought how Christ, in His higher, diviner and more loving attitude, longs to come into the home of His children here on earth and be recognized as soon as He comes, because we have studied Him so much, because we have read and heard so much about Him. I feel the terrific responsibility which rests upon me as a teacher of the people in this pulpit, that I should show forth the Lord Jesus, and all the traits of His beautiful character, exhibiting what He does for us, how He appears, what He thinks, and what He represents, until you shall know Him. Oh, that no person who has heard me through all these years shall fail to know Christ when He comes. The prayer of my heart, deep and strong, is that every one of you may hear enough about Him at home, so that when He comes you will know Him and welcome Him with a smile.

I saw a consumptive father waiting for his brother to come. He had not seen his brother for many years, and he said he was afraid he would not know him when he came. The poor invalid's time was growing less and less, and he became all the more anxious that his brother should come as he approached nearer and nearer to death. He asked them to hurry and bring Harry to him as he wanted to see him once more before he died. And when at last Harry's footstep came up the stairway the sick man recognized it, and he said, "Harry has come; Harry has come!" He recognized the footstep. There was something spiritual in the loving recognition of human to human, but how much more spiritual and more acute it may be between the human soul and its Saviour.

We will know Him when He comes. If we love Him we must so picture Him that we will know Him, and we will welcome Him with a hearty smile. We know that He cannot bring us any sorrow; we know that He cannot bring us any evil; we know that He cannot bring us any pain. Oh, no; that most loving Person, the most ideal, divine, heavenly Saviour can bring us no pain. He loves us, and when we appreciate Him fully,

when we love Him sincerely and have studied His characteristics carefully, when He comes our whole being will light up with a morning smile.

When He comes He holds the crown of His approval, a crown of salvation and everlasting life for every one who has studied Him enough to know Him and who loves Him enough to smile a welcome when He comes.

VIII

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE

I DESIRE to direct your thoughts to the first verse of the eleventh chapter of John: "Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha." The words I wish to call your attention to are: "The town of Mary and her sister Martha." Lazarus' sister sent unto Jesus saying: "Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick."

Many years ago I was sent across the Arabian Desert by way of Mt. Sinai to Bagdad. The stately old sheik, who was at the head of his tribe, who guided the party and who commanded its military guard, was a man of unusual ability. In stature he was high and strong, and an ideal athlete. He was made sheik of his tribe because of his superior intelligence, his great physical force, his unusual ability in managing the fiery steeds of the Arabs, and the love for him which all the camels of the caravan expressed.

He was elected without a formal vote by the love and obedience of the animals and the respect of his fellowmen. All obeyed him without question. We first met him at the old city of Edom, wherein great cliffs were carved into palaces ages and ages ago. He was a very rough, and fierce-looking specimen of the Arab tribe; his clothing was very much soiled, his long beard was filled with the dust of the desert, his face besmirched, and his hair disheveled where we could see it under his old turban that had been pulled on one side, the tassel of which was gone. He looked so wild that one would have taken him to be a robber.

All the way across the desert he commanded obedience with dignity and with a self-assertion of strength that made a person feel that he would shoot him on sight. When we crossed a stagnant pool he would dash on his black steed into the mud, and send it flying on every side, and come out himself dripping with mud. He said that was his protection against disease, a kind of mud bath. He was a filthy specimen to look at as he came riding by us from time to time, but we learned to respect his wisdom, and to feel something of his attractive magnetism. His management of the camp was so perfect, and

his command of the military under his charge was so complete, that we could do nothing but respect him. One day he handed me a book and advised me to read it whenever we were in camp after meals, as it was translated from the Arabic by some of his relatives and printed in English. I was surprised to find what a valuable book it was and how delightfully it had been written. I returned the book to him with added respect, and he asked me to come and see him at his home in Bagdad. When he gave me his card printed in Arabic telling me the street and number, I dared do nothing else but promise I would call. Yet, I concluded it would be a very wretched experience.

After we had been in Bagdad several days the old sheik sent around and asked me to keep my promise to come and visit him, for they think a great deal of being visited in Bagdad. I went around to a narrow street with high, bare walls, with nothing on the exterior indicating what was within. When I reached the great wooden gate that led into the inner court, I rapped upon the door. Soon two servants opened the door slowly and asked me my name, and, taking my card, ran away. They returned and pulled wide

open these doors, and, never in the panoramic changes of any exhibit of life, did I ever see anything to equal the transfer from the outside to the inside of that court yard. There were three fountains flashing in their beauty; there were flowers of all colours and in all stages of development; there was green sward around the fountains, and statuary from Greece and Rome. I felt as though transferred instantly from a dirty street to a place in paradise itself, and when the sheik came out to meet me in perfectly pure white attire, his hair so nicely arranged, his beard so carefully combed, his face and hands so clean, and his slippers so new, everything about him looking so fresh and bright, it took me a moment to realize that it could be the same man I had seen in the dirt and filth through the long weeks of travel across the desert. He introduced me to his wife (an unusual thing to do there) and to his children. He had five or six, bright-faced and intelligent, who brought me the trays on which he served the most delicious food. Along in the evening he brought in musicians who played with a rich sweetness. They played the American tunes which he had required them to learn because an American was coming. After

the "Star-Spangled Banner" they played "Home, Sweet Home," and my soul felt so, so far from home. I was thousands of miles distant, and no person of my relation knew just where I was. If I should die there no one in America might ever know it. As they played, "Home, Sweet Home," how my heart sank and melted under it, the tears came, and he seeing my tears asked them to cease and turn to an Arabian tune.

The transition from the dirt and filth of that outward life in the travel across the desert, to the beauty in that home, to the holiness and sacredness of that domestic circle, to the sparkling fountains of pure water, the flowers, and the skies overhead which could be seen from that courtyard, was no greater than the transition from the outer world in Palestine to that home where Christ led His disciples. How great was the transition from the dusty street of Bethany, from the humble village, into the courtyard of the home of Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus, "whom Jesus loved."

I have sat upon the stones of the ruins of the old house where Mary and Martha lived in Bethany and gazed upon the few pieces of beautiful marble, so broken, yet revealing

such delicate carvings, and tried to imagine the courtyard of that home in Bethany. I have tried to make an imaginary picture of that pavement so wrought out in wonderful mosaics, those carved pillars, those wonderful Eastern arches, the open court to the sky, the flowers, and the furniture of the home that Jesus loved in Bethany. I think of the transition of the disciples and Jews from the dusty street as they entered the vestibule and found servants to wash their feet, to give them new and clean attire, and to think how they sat upon the couches at that table where Lazarus himself was present. I think of the great difference between the outer world and the inner world; between the place where Mary and Martha actually lived and the places where they were usually seen by the world. I think of their mother's grave, to which they must have gone with a daughter's allegiance and love, and of the surroundings of that family within as they cared for their dear old father, afflicted so long with the leprosy until Jesus came to heal him. All the domestic arrangements of the house pass before the mind as one sits there and looks upon the ruins that are left of the old house.

As one steps down the street a short dis-

tance to the tomb of Lazarus, and goes into that tomb, winding down its stairway to the dark depths where the body of Lazarus lay, and feels its chill and dampness, and then cometh forth again into the sunlight and goes back to that home, the transition from the tomb to the home enforces the great lesson that Jesus seemed to be impressing by His wonderful example. The home at Bethany where they lived their inner life, their holiest life, was so different from its exterior that it furnishes a wide contrast, consequently a magnificent illustration of this thought.

When I worked in the slums of Boston in connection with a temperance society, I used to meet there frequently a very rough specimen of a boy, some ten or twelve years of age, and he often showed me about in the night, as he knew the names of the people who lived in those cellars, attics, backyards, and on the roofs. He was a very intelligent boy, by the name of Jack. One night I asked him where his home was, and he replied, "Oh, my home is anywhere I can find a place to eat and sleep." I said to him: "Don't you have any one particular place that you like better than any other?" "Well," he answered, "my 'sleeping hole' is probably the best of any

place there is, but I would not like to show you that." I said, "Now Jack, that is just the place we want to see. You have shown us everything else." The policeman said he was a trustworthy boy, and I finally persuaded him. He took me through a series of by-ways—that Boston only can support, which go everywhere and nowhere—into a very dark alley that led back into a place so narrow that two people could scarcely pass. Then he showed me a pile of rubbish that had been deposited there by poor people, and which the thoughtless city government had never removed, consisting of barrels, baskets, straw, and all kinds of rubbish which had accumulated in the end of that narrow alley. There he had taken a barrel with both ends out, placed it under a lot of this rubbish, and covered it with straw and various pieces of old carpets and things that had been thrown out; and that he said was his " sleeping hole."

When the policeman with his dark lantern let the light into that "sleeping hole" it was a wretched looking place. I asked Jack how he could sleep there, and he got down on the ground on all fours, slid feet first back into the barrel until it covered all but his head, took a piece of carpet that was over the top

and let it down in front, and then put his arms on the pavement and said that was his pillow. "This is my 'sleeping hole' and I sleep very well." That boy's life was brighter outside than inside. To go inside of that "sleeping hole" with all the filth and stench and sleep was a dreadful thing to do, and when we saw the inside of Jack's life, when we saw his most domestic spot, we found it was a place more dreadful than the exterior. It was far better for him in his dirt and rags to pick a little food from the old boxes and out of the ash barrels along the sidewalk than to be in his "sleeping hole." Yet how many thousands are in their "sleeping holes?" In our own city, for that matter, when we get into the inner part of their lives we find that which should be the most sacred is really the most filthy.

In Paris I went once to visit the keeper of the morgue, who lived next door to it. We found that a door opened into the morgue, and that the keeper in order to be sure that all things were in place, slept with his door half-open into the place where lay the bodies of the dead—those who had been drowned in the Seine, who had been assassinated, those who had been poisoned, and those who had

committed suicide. Rows of them were placed there before the glass cases that in the day-time the procession of people might go by and recognize any relative or friend there. The keeper took us through his door into the morgue room itself and led us from body to body that we might look on the different faces in that awful scene. We said to him: "Do you really live there?" "Yes," he replied, "I have lived here for many years." "It is a dreadful thing," we said, "to live here." Said he, "I have got so used to it that I sleep through the night just as regularly as I would anywhere else." He really *slept* with dead bodies so near him, and this also illustrates how dreadful may be, after all, the inner home of a man's experience. His home itself may be a morgue.

The movement in favour of a clean home is one of the very best of this age, for the social uplift of humanity. The necessity of a better home, of having one place of all others that is out of the world, out of the different movements of society, in which a person can dwell in cleanliness, in peace, in honesty, is apparent. Jesus answered the question with, "Come and see," when the visitor said: "Where dwellest thou?"

Let me ask that question: "Where dost thou dwell?" and then imagine what must have been the domestic surroundings of His Dwelling Place. It seems to have been such a sacred matter that the Scriptures did not even describe His home, though they do tell us about the homes He blessed and the homes He visited. It seems to have been a holy of holies into which even the apostles did not venture. What a scene presents itself to the imagination of any man who loves Jesus, and who tries to picture His home in Capernaum of Galilee, and in Nazareth.

We are trying in these days to remove the boys and girls from the jails and prisons where they are associated with older criminals, and get them into better environment. Boys will be sent to jail, having committed some one offense, and being there thrown all together, into acquaintance with the worst criminals of twenty or twenty-five years' experience, they come out of it, degraded, disgraced, and hopeless for reform, because they have lived in jail, and that has been their home during the time of their sentence. A young man told me once that he had left the hospital in which he had been studying because it had such an influence upon his mind.

He said there are so many people get into the hospitals because they are criminals or because they have done wrong, and there is such an atmosphere of evil connected with so many people in the public hospitals that he could not any longer stand its influence upon him. He said it was making him feel that all the world was bad, and that there were no sacred things; but that disease, sin, and wrong were prevalent everywhere, with every one. I can see the selfishness of his thought, and believe if he lived nearer to God he could have overcome it all, but it illustrates well the influence environment may have upon us.

The thought that Jesus is continually pressing on us and which we wish to get from His table this morning, is that the environment also of our soul's home is an important matter for us to consider and protect. Sir Walter Scott, when he was first married, moved into a little cottage in a small village of Lasswade, only six or seven miles from Edinburgh. Two little willow trees grew near the front of that cottage, and he and his wife tied the tops together to get an artistic arch with a little wooden cross, and thought that was a superior ornament. Afterwards when his love for flowers and the fields grew,

and when his name became a household word through the writing of his books, he decided to build a great palace at Abbottsford like unto a king's, to equal Holyrood itself, and securing the money by mortgaging almost everything he owned, and running wildly into debt, he built Abbottsford, that wonderful palace so connected with the scenes and stories of the greatest of Scottish localities. There is no place that is so interesting to me, and I wish I could speak longer about it.

While he was in Abbottsford writing the "Waverly Novels" at his desk in those magnificent apartments, filled with a costly collection of the antiques, enjoying honour on honour, he said he did not live there. When they asked him about his grand home, and said: "What a great thing it must be to live in a palace like this, decorated with every kind of art," he replied: "I do not live here." When they asked him where he did live, he said: "Up at Lasswade." Years had gone but he still lived in the old cottage, and amid all these magnificent surroundings his mind and heart were up there at Lasswade, that dear, little home which was really his only home in heart and remained so until the last.

You remember when Miss Helen Hunt

wrote "Romona," how she described the little home which the Indian and his wife made in the valley; their arrangements for their domestic household; and how to them ever after it remained their real home, their soul's home. So Jesus is saying to us, "Your soul's home is of the very first importance. It does not matter how much into the dust and dirt you may go in the travels of life, your domestic, heart's, soul's home is the chief thing." In what kind of an inner home do you live? What kind of a palace is that which our souls occupy? Today this is the serious question of life; for we are, especially now, what we are thinking about. We are what we imagine. We live, not in the house that covers us from the rain, but in the house of the soul, the house made by ourselves with the help of God Himself. Every soul has a home. It may be a "sleeping hole" into which we go when we retire from the public, it may be a degraded cave filled with vermin, and snakes, and all forms of things that chill with horror. But a Christian's home is the soul-home that he with the help of the Lord Jesus Himself makes.

You cannot tell as you look at his smiling face, at his neat attire, or by the company he keeps, what kind of a real home a man lives

in, what sort of a soul's home his is. The important thing is to have a soul's home, a home of the heart into which we can retire, where all things are clean, where everything is pure, where it is open to the sky, and into which no man from the exterior can ever intrude without permission. Have a soul's inner dwelling decorated with everything that is glorious, with every beautiful spiritual comfort that is heavenly, a home into which the angels of God can come, a home into which Jesus will gladly come; so clean, so pure that He will come and sup with you. It is not so important what homes our bodies have, though that is in itself worth attention; but the highest, the greatest thing is to have a soul's clean home of your own. Don't live in a morgue; don't live in the dirty street; don't live amid the serpents of a cave, but have a home to which Jesus will assist you whenever you ask Him, into which you can retire, where the sunshine beams in glory, where the flowers bloom in beauty, where fountains flash around you with their suggestions of musical peace, and where your associations are all pure as the angels of God; a place into which Jesus can always be welcomed!

IX

THE OPEN DOOR

IN the tenth chapter of First Corinthians the thirteenth verse reads thus: "There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

Only one single thought out of this wonderful collection of suggestions, shall I bring to your attention. God makes a way of escape; so that when we are tempted or tried in any manner, the Lord always finds some other way in which to reward or answer us.

A very simple, but a very impressive illustration has come down through the years from my childhood and appeared to me recently. I recall going home late at night, or in the early hours of the morning, from a neighbour's, where as a boy I had gone on an evening's visit. The farm was over the moun-

tainside in the Berkshires. I managed to force a passage through the deep drifts of snow on top of the mountain where the highway was overfilled with snow. I was obliged to take a detour through the pasture in order to reach home. And when I looked for my mother's light in the window, it was not there. It had never failed me in all my childhood before. Our cottage was across the valley and I had to walk far to reach it by the roadway. The light had always been left there when father and mother went to bed.

But that night it was not there. I wondered what could have happened, as I managed with difficulty, to get through the drifts, climbing the fences, and wading through the banks of snow in the fields. When I came up to the front of the house where the light had always been I beat my way over to the usual door, which led into the kitchen, and I rapped upon the door. There was no light inside and there was no indication of a light anywhere. All was silent; the wind whistled, and the snow cut my face as it drifted from the northeast. I rapped again, and then three times I whistled through my fingers; and then I heard the window overhead being raised and the voice of my father overhead saying, "Son,

go around to the side door!" Then I turned indignantly and went around the house to the side door, and when I turned the corner, there was my mother's light in that window. When I approached the light, I found that the door had been left to be easily unlatched, so that I could easily open it.

When I entered the room I found the log burning cheerfully in the old fireplace and mother's cakes were set out there on the centre table. But I was too angry that they did not admit me the usual way and I did not eat the cakes. I went to the bedroom feeling angry, and when I arose in the morning I must have shown a sour face. I muttered that "my mother had no right to put the light on that side of the house; she had no business to order me to go around to the side door!" When I went out to milk the cows my father came to me and putting his hand on my shoulder, said: "Your mother put that light in the window because she loved you; and because she wanted you to take the path that was clearest and safest for you! If you had sought for the light, you would have come the easiest road. Your mother has always been patient with you, and she wanted to open the door for you that it was best for you to take;

and she put the light where you could see it when you looked for it." I do not think I have ever recovered from shame of my ingratitude. But many years have gone by, and her face comes back to me again, and I think how her mother love shut that front door, locked it tight; but she opened another door, and she put the light where I could see it, if I had only opened my eyes and trusted her to prepare for such a helpful change.

We are studying continually on prayer and on the power of prayer with God, and we are so slow to learn the great important truth that when God shuts one door, he always opens another. When in His great love He sees it best for us not to receive a direct answer to our petitions, He then, still respecting our prayers, will not force us into obedience to Him; but drawing us with those chords of love, He opens another place; He shows us another way if we will but look for it. But many of us think God does not answer our prayers, because we insist on staying at that same front door and looking for the light at one window only.

I recall another incident—that of a neighbour—that illustrates my thought. He owned a dog that we all loved. It was very

faithful to us all, and had great knowledge. It was especially loved by its little master who lived in the home, but was an orphan. There was one door which was always used to admit that dog to the house. A storm came late in the year, when the snows drifted high on the mountain side and piled up as high as the roofs of the houses. The dog dug out his path to the usual door and the door was shut. The dog must have whined and howled through the weary hours of the night and way into the morning. But when morning came, they saw his frozen body there, laying in the snow, with his paws on the threshold of the usual door by which he usually entered. Yet his master had taken great pains to arrange it so that he could come around and enter another door. When that dog found that door was shut, he could have gone in by that other door and have been well sheltered. But because of the dog's insistence on staying at that one door, because of his lack of knowledge, or lack of faith of his master, he stayed there until he was frozen to death.

There are many Christians whose faith has been frozen because they found one door shut and concluded that was the only way to enter. They happened to go the usual way, and for-

got that God in His great wisdom will never leave us alone. My father said, "Your mother put that light in the window because she loved you; she would not fail you, and she would not fail to open the door which is best for you"! And so it is with our Heavenly Father. Our Heavenly Father opens the door that is best for us; and he who, because he does not get the exact answer in one way, stands outside the door and freezes to death, seems to have only knowledge of animals.

Here is a beautiful story told by one of our poets—I wish I could recall who it was that wrote it. It is something like this: In the early part of the war, before Russia came into it, there were a number of men in prison in Siberia and they were very carefully guarded. One night, according to the story, a conspiracy had been arranged among the prisoners confined there because of political offences and they assembled together and decided that one of their number should go up and in some way capture or kill the guard, then open the gate and so enable all to make one general rush for that open gate. According to the poet's account, one of the bravest men went and captured the sentinel, and swung open

wide the door. When he opened the gate, there was a general movement, all rushing for liberty. But as they were rushing toward the open door together, a strong breeze of wind sprang up and shut the door through which they were about to escape. They were unable to open it again. The door was shut!

But some wise man among the number said, "I feel a breeze from the west; the breeze which shut that door is blowing this way, and it could not enter the prison unless it had blown open some other door." So, feeling their way, by the draft of air, they found that the wind which had shut one door had blown open first another door, which opened out on the parade grounds, giving them the liberty they were seeking. The other door, which had been shut before their face, was a very dangerous exit and might have cost them their lives even if they had succeeded in getting out at all. The same breeze that shut one door opened a safer door and gave them their liberty. God often sends breezes to His followers, and the same winds that shut the door in the face of him who would escape that way—opens another door which furnishes a far better method of getting one's liberty.

This is a wonderful saying of the Apostles',

in which he says that God will "find a way of escape"; that he will find some other method.

I remember having a talk with Spurgeon, in which he said he had often wondered at the providence of God, inasmuch as that ship on which he intended to sail away to Australia left the wharf a day ahead of schedule time; and when he arrived at the pier, the boat had sailed the day before, leaving him in London. He said that he often wondered whether it was God's own hand that dealt with him, keeping him in London to preach the Gospel, and to do the work he did at the Tabernacle. God shut one door, and yet He opened a greater one to him.

I do not think we go to a point of extravagance in saying that when we have prayed for something that is reasonable for us to obtain, and it is denied us, it is absolutely sure that the better thing is within our reach, if we will only look around to find it.

Abraham Lincoln said that when he was defeated for the United States Senate he was utterly broken; that he went home feeling that republics were ungrateful; that the people were unwise who put any trust in any republic whatever. He was altogether discouraged. He had been defeated after a very

long campaign. It was an awful defeat, a door slammed in his face, by the providence of God. But the shutting of that door to the Senate unquestionably brought him to the presidency of the United States and made him the great martyr for human freedom.

I recall an ascent of the Alps made with some friends of mine some years ago. I walked on in advance up the side of Mount Blanc, and left them far behind. I felt that I must wait at every cross road to tell them which way they must go, as they were trusting on me as their guide. But at every cross road I came to I cut off limbs of trees and placed them across the road which they were not to enter, so that they might not make any mistake. I had not told them anything about it, but they very easily recognized the hint that the tree limbs across the paths meant that they were not to go that way, and they soon overtook me. They could not make any mistake because I had put something there to show them which way to go.

So the Saviour, in guiding us through life, puts along the path He intends us to take, something at each cross road showing that we are not to go that way.

It is the history of prayer in this congrega-

tion, and it is the history of prayer everywhere, that we are sometimes helpfully denied. A most remarkable example of this once came to my attention in connection with the after-services. A lady asked the prayers of my congregation that her nephew might be reconciled to her. The nephew had left her in anger and had said he would never return, and she had felt that he never would; and she asked the church to pray for her and pray with her. One Sunday night, this woman, though not belonging to my church, came to the service, and at the close went down to the after-prayer service. She took a seat in the Lower Temple, which was already well filled. In came her nephew to the prayer meeting, because he did not wish to go to his own church for fear of meeting his aunt there, and he took the only seat that seemed to be left in the entire building, and that was right alongside of his aunt! Imagine their surprise as they looked into each other's faces, and imagine the delight of the aunt that the boy was returned to her under such circumstances. The young man said to me—and aunt and nephew had their arms around each other when they came to talk to me,—"I have been a miserable sinner; pray for me that I might

be forgiven." That is all I know of that story, except that a good Christian lady of many years of service, who overheard the conversation, said to me, "My prayers are never answered like that; I never get such answers; the Lord does not seem to reply ever to my prayers at all." There is the chief difficulty in our praying. We pray for something, and if we do not get the exact object we refuse to take something in its place.

I am reminded of an incident I once heard an evangelist tell. He said that down in West Virginia he, or some other friend, was visiting and at night time they came down to the stream where a large plank was removed, which in the darkness they were unable to find, and they said, "We must travel miles and miles to get around this stream"; and they said, "Father took away that plank!" Then his friend said, "If father took away that plank he put it down somewhere else. It must be somewhere up the stream where it is not so dangerous. I am sure that father would not take that plank away without leaving us something in its place with which to cross the stream." When they investigated further they found the plank was moved only a few feet down the stream where they could

cross in safety. And when our Heavenly Father takes away a plank, He naturally puts it somewhere else, in some safer place for us to cross. Oh, that I could say it over and over until all of us could get this great truth into our characters.

Mark Twain, in the account of one of his travels up the Mississippi River, tells of the dredging of a new channel above St. Louis with which the steamer captain was not well acquainted. One night one of them ran his vessel aground because he had not paid attention to the lights which showed the new channel. They had been so in the habit of going straight up the river that they kept straight on instead of following the new channel. For years the boatmen passed the wreck of that boat and pointed it out as a warning, and said, "If the captain of that boat had paid attention to the new light, and had been guided thereby, following the new channel which the Government provided, there would have been no stranded ship."

Years ago when I was in Massachusetts, I saw the great building of Tremont Temple burn down. When fire destroyed Tremont Temple, the people came together with tears, said, "It is of no use trying to reconstruct

that building; the undertaking would be too great; it would cost half a million dollars; there is no way to do it." I remember it was almost unanimous in Boston with the Baptists that Tremont Temple could never be reconstructed because it was too great an undertaking, and the risk was too great, and I remember one man saying that it was "tempting God" to try to rebuild and that he would have nothing more to do with it. But now, because that door was shut, because the old building burned down, because of the inadequacy of that building for the work it had before it, they are now doing a much greater work. God shut one door, burned down one building that they might build up another for the greater work that they had to do,—one of the greatest in the United States, and in the world. Tremont Temple stands today with its magnificent buildings because God provided another door and they were wise enough to see that door was open.

Many Christians are like a friend who a few years ago, in the summer time, came home to the city and rapped at my door late in the night. When I went to the window he said, "I came to see if I could not stay with you; I cannot get into my house." He in-

sisted on sleeping on a sofa instead of ruffling up a bed, and early in the morning he arose and sent down to his sea-shore place for the keys to his house in the city. Instead of getting the keys, he received a note from his wife saying, "I put the key in your trousers pocket." But to him it was a strange key. He had found it in his pocket but did not recognize it as the back door key. He had tried it only at the front door, and as it was not the key to that door, he concluded it was no key to his house at all.

The Christian has keys to God's plans; to God's house; to God's home, but we are carrying them around in our pockets and do not use them, or we try them only on the front door, when we should try them on other doors for which God has given them.

God respects our liberty, our education, our moral forces, and He does not act with that lightning-like force which characterizes some of the laws of nature. But, as a kind, heavenly Father, He always answers our prayers. If you have not been able to find the answer in one place, it is because if you will look around you will find that God has been answering you another way.

X

WITHOUT PAY

IN the ninth chapter of First Corinthians, the Apostle Paul, writing to the church at Corinth, which was in a sense the apple of his eye, said to them: "Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple, and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel. But I have used none of the things: neither have I written these things, that it should be so done unto me: for it were better for me to die, than that any man should make my glorying void. For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yes, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel."

I desire to consider the thought in the fourteenth verse together with the first line of the fifteenth: "The Lord hath ordained that they which preach the gospel should live

of the gospel. But I have used none of these things."

No great thing was ever done by a man who was working for pay. None of the great deeds of earth were ever done for a reward in money. That life is a wasted life that is simply lived for wages. That man is a hindrance to the world, and his life is but a waste of time, who, having the necessities of life, is living to earn money.

The church at Corinth was Paul's especial care. It was in a great central city, next to Rome the heart of the commerce of the known world. It was a very difficult place in which to establish a church of Jesus Christ because the world had brought in all its temptations into that center, and every inducement for people to leave the gospel and to live an unrighteous life was there exhibited. But the Apostle Paul determined there should be a church in Corinth, and he entered upon that work without thought of earning anything for himself. He says here that although God had ordained that a man should live by the gospel which he preaches, yet in Corinth he had never received anything from them. It was Paul's great work: it was the crown of his life.

A great deed was that. He earned his own

living working with the needle upon tents. He cared for himself by the assistance of friends, in other places, but in that one city he would receive nothing. He set forth by his example the great truth that Jesus was ever teaching, that we are not to be anxious for our food or clothing, but that we are to chiefly think of some one great call of God to do some great duty to the world, without personal reward for ourselves. That is Christianity. That distinguishes a Christian from other people, in this, that he hath something to live for beside earning his living.

Those of you who have been agitated by the labour questions of the country—and they are serious—find your solution of the great question in the teaching of the gospel concerning the relation of employer to employee—or master and servant, as the translation puts it, in Paul's letters. The servant was to be as a brother, not to be looked down upon and rejected, for having a certain duty to do, he should be honoured in doing that duty.

One of the greatest achievements of modern days was the building of the Panama Canal. It is the wonder of our age. It has been an accomplishment which has astonished the most scientific and the most optimistic

people. It has been accomplished by working out the gospel in the employment of labour. The most marvelous thing about that canal is not so much the great ditch, not so much the transference of great men-of-war and ships of merchandise from one ocean to the other, as it is the solution of that great question of the relation of labour to capital, of employee to employer. When Colonel Goethals went down there, a large-hearted but decisive soldier, he adopted a principle that sets forth just what Paul is teaching here, that men should not labour for their wages, that wages should be entirely a secondary matter. That it is a necessary matter we all must confess because persons must live in order to work, but that their work should be for their employer and not for their wages is clear to us all. To get out of those men the utmost of their endeavor Colonel Goethals adopted a very simple but effective plan. Why did the people working on the Panama Canal ask Colonel Goethals for the privilege of working two hours longer a day? Why did some of them insist that they would work until eleven o'clock at night for the same pay? Why did those workmen leave their work with such reluctance? Why did some of them work on

through the lunch period? Until Colonel Goethals forbade it they often worked without their dinner. Why did they do all these things with no extra pay?

It occurred in this wise: He divided up the canal into three sections. Then he put the same number of men on each section, gave to each section an excellent, noble Christian man in spirit, as a leader, and set them in competition with each other to see which party should do the most. Colonel Goethals put that in force there, and each section of that canal has been anxious to throw out a greater number of shovelfuls of earth each day than the other sections. The competition in the building of the canal has become so exciting, as two of the workmen write me, that they all of them are full of enthusiasm and determination that each section shall at least equal the other, and exceed it if they can. In this building of the canal there are valuable life experiences. They are so bound together that they will be the closest of friends all their lives, just as soldiers in war, when marching together through years of experience, meeting the same battles and in the same dangers together, sleeping in the same tents and eating the same food, love each other though they

may never have personally met until fifty years have gone.

When we meet a soldier at once to our hearts he comes as a brother. There is nothing more sweet to us old men than to meet comrades who were in the Civil war, not for money, not for pension, but to serve his country. So in the building of the Panama Canal each division got into such friendship with each other, each watching the other and helping the other in his work, and being very careful of the machinery of the United States, that they built the canal for at least $80,000,000 less than it would have cost without that competition, and not only saving the people through taxation, but bringing friendship and love into the building of the canal. For fifty years to come the friendships made there in that competition will affect the interests of our country, and certainly the interests of the people who are there. Fortunate the man who has had an opportunity to work digging on the Panama Canal because of that very good natured but hearty and earnest competition.

Now that is the way to settle the labour question. It must ultimately come, that the workman will work for his employer, and will

be ambitious that his employer should succeed beyond other employers. There will be a spirit of competition about the factory or shop, and he will take such an interest in it that he will watch his fellow workmen, encourage them, help them, and try to work with the greatest efficiency in that place, thinking first of his employer all the time.

On the other hand, when Christianity has its way, the employer will think entirely of his employees. The whole matter of profit will become secondary. He won't need to think about it because the profit will take care of itself. He will have one of the most profitable shops in the world, and will not need to worry about that. The finances will take care of themselves if he seek first the kingdom of God. Show me the employer who works with his own hands, who visits his workmen when they are sick, is anxious about the education of their children, and is determined that his employees shall have the greatest opportunities in the world, or as good as any other employees in the country, and I will show you a man—and you know I will—that will prosper in all that he undertakes.

It is the principle laid down by the apostle that a man should labour not for wages, for

he is a contemptible, mean soul, unworthy of a place on the face of God's earth, who works for a salary alone.

The greatest monumental deeds of the world are those that have been done by men outside their profession or business, aside from their daily occupation. The one great address which made Daniel Webster the idol of America and the admired of the world as a mighty orator, was made at Dartmouth College. He was but thirty-five years of age, and had begun to get his education very late in life. He was an unknown lawyer, and had but a few clients, and he was too poor to buy an overcoat when he went to Dartmouth College. They asked him to come as a lawyer because he was a graduate, and when by God's providence the senior counsel could not go, Daniel was obliged to carry the brunt of the entire case. When he was there as a poor man they offered him a fee, and he said, "I will not work for my alma mater for money. I will have no money in this case. I am here because I love the old college, and because my heart is here. Don't offer me any money, not a penny, not even my expenses."

He then delivered that great oration on Dartmouth College, before the Supreme

Court of the State of New Hampshire, and he so delivered it that the judges wept on the bench, and the audience sank into a reverent silence, as he reached the peroration of that magnificent address which gave him a name and fame that lasted even against his faults until the day he was buried, years afterwards. The great thing that Daniel Webster did was that which he did without pay. It was his great monument. The same could be said of the spirit in which he answered Hayne, when in the United States Senate he defended Massachusetts. It was the same spirit of giving up one's self, abandoning of selfishness, forgetting everything only the cause which he represented, and throwing himself into it with an entire abandon of all his thought of other things, that made Daniel Webster the mighty orator. If he had worked for Dartmouth College for money, and if in his poverty he had thought of the money he would have been a failure, as thousands of other men have been who have attempted to do the same thing.

Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, was a man who in the days of my youth I frequently saw. He was a very dignified, aristocratic kind of a man. Indeed people laughed at him after he had graduated from college, for

his foppish manners. He was a dude of the extreme order. He dressed in flashy attire, and associated only with the exclusive set as he was of a wealthy family. He went to England, where he was proud to be introduced to lords and ladies, and he came home and looked down upon the people of the United States as being very primitive and hardly fit associates for men like himself. There was no more foolish aristocrat in the entire State of Massachusetts than Charles Sumner. He was laughed at, and hated by the common people so far as they knew him.

One day he saw the soldiers arrest a colored man by the name of "Sim," and he followed the crowd down State Street in Boston, until they took the man and put him on board a vessel for Savannah, Georgia, which took that slave home. That night an indignation meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, and he went to the meeting, though not by invitation. He had become so aroused by seeing the behaviour of the police and the soldiers, and had become somehow so sympathetic that he arose in the meeting to make some remarks. They called for him to go to the platform. He went up to the platform in his dudish attire,

with all his foreign accents, and his attempt to be like an English lord. But before he had spoken for fifteen minutes his natural heart swept away all those barriers. They went down before his real soul, and Charles Sumner swept out into great-hearted manhood as he addressed that people, and gave his celebrated "Mark Antony speech."

He was honoured throughout all his life during his wonderful service of his country for that Mark Antony speech. It was delivered without pay, without previous meditation, without expectation of delivering such a thing, that was the end of all his boasted preference for the lords and ladies of England. He broke out for the poor slave, and swept to the other extreme, and became the leader of anti-slavery in Massachusetts. Then he became the senator from Massachusetts, then the leader of the great party that ruled the country, and then the most intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln, all through that Mark Antony speech. He made many other speeches in other places. He wrote with great care, he used English with great precision, nicety, and artistic beauty. But those addresses no one remembers. It is the one he gave without hope of pay, abandoning him-

self entirely, which lives in the memory of his countrymen.

By what do we remember William of Orange, Prince of Nassau, whose romantic history in saving the Netherlands from the Inquisition is still the admiration of the world? Is it because he was a prince, inheriting a throne? Is it because he was an educated man? Is it because he bore titles? Is it because he fought great battles? Is it because he saved Holland from the Inquisition and the flood? It is because the man gave himself utterly to it. He gave up everything personal for the cause of religious freedom, and surrendered his estates to be sold. He assailed Charles V and met him with triumph on the fields of battle, until the assassin struck him down in that palace in the Netherlands. We remember him for his unselfish devotion to a mighty cause, and because he received no money.

The Apostle Paul is setting forth this thought, and we too in our conscience have a call of God to do something unselfish. Brethren and sisters, however humble you may think your life is, however retired it may be, as sure as God is God,—just so sure the call of God comes in your conscience to do some-

thing special, something for which you are not paid, that will require some sacrifice of yours in order that you may obey the call of God. Every man's conscience is the voice of God, and when your conscience tells you that you ought to do this thing, you should do it however humble it may be. It is the call of God to do these greater things, these unselfish things.

You have often heard of Professor Agassiz, the great Christian scholar, the keenest scientist Harvard College has ever seen. On one occasion he was invited to lecture, and he wrote to the committee that he had no time to earn money. His heart was with the students, and his desire to cultivate in the students a Christian knowledge of God's laws in nature. They offered him large sums if he would go and lecture, and he said, "No time have I to earn money." Harvard College has its greatest treasure, not in its immense coliseum, not in its wonderful buildings, not in its twenty millions of endowment, but in the life and reputation of such great men as Professor Agassiz.

If I were to search the history of the world, and ask you to examine it, you would find the apostle was right, that the greatest things are done by those who do not work for pay.

If you look at the history of the great men and women of the world you are finding ever that the chief thing they did was something entirely outside their usual calling. Such was the case with Mauritius and Leonidas of Greece, such the case of Fabius, and Scipio of Rome, of Wallace and Bruce of Scotland, of Tell and Huber, of Joan of Arc, Henry IV, Lafayette, Curran, Emmett, Grattan, Pim, Hampden, Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Grant, Lee, Lincoln, Garfield. All are noted for doing something they were called by their consciences to do that required them to leave the usual occupations of their lives.

Girard College stands out there as a magnificent monument to Girard. What is it but a monument to what he did on one side? It was not his business to educate orphans. It was not connected with it, it was outside, it was something his conscience called him to do. It was a distinct call of God. The great monument to him is not the business he did, not the ships that now have decayed, not the money that he had invested in other enterprises, but entirely on that side issue.

If we look at it we find the same was true of Andrew Carnegie. He was not a manufacturer of steel. He knew nothing about the

manufacture of iron, having attained wealth in other directions. He turned into that business with sympathy, as he says, for the working people, and the great opportunity he saw to furnish countless thousands with occupation, although it turned out in the end, as is often the case, that without any effort on his part, without any other different labour, it increased his millions, yet it was an attempt to do something outside of his previous profession. Then he spent his days giving away his money.

I have read the story of James Lick, of California, and I have been interested very much in that, having been to the wonderful observatory which he set up fifty miles southeast of San Francisco. The great Lick telescope, which was the largest in the world, was built by him by money he gave to it while he lived. James Lick was a very plain, earnest, self-giving man, who was curious and eccentric in many ways, but when he had attained unto wealth, he said, "I want to do something different from business. I want to be something different from a miller, something else than a merchant or manufacturer."

I can use but one other illustration, because I believe in closing on time always, but in

connection with this it comes so prominent that I need to mention Leland Stanford, who established the Leland Stanford Junior University that has $20,000,000, in California, near San Francisco, at Palo Alto. He was an acquaintance of Lick's, and when Lick began to give toward different things Leland Stanford began to be interested in it. Again and again Leland Stanford, while he was a Senator of the United States, was saying to himself, "I have nothing to live for. I have no children." Having nothing to live for, he did not spend his millions, and they accumulated very rapidly. He put a million of dollars into a private house, and dwelt in it, but it was not a home to him. "Nothing to live for."

But one night in a dream—if it was a dream—his son appeared to him by the early morning light, and said: "Father, never say again that you have nothing to live for. Live for humanity, live for other people's children." Then the vision disappeared. Stanford always believed to his death that he had seen the spirit of his son. Then the call of God came to do all he did, as he did. I have not time to go further, but you can read the life of Leland Stanford, who established the

Leland Stanford Junior University, with its $20,000,000, in California. It is an institution that is a model, with all that is advanced and best in education. Stanford built it from an unselfish desire to serve humanity, and he put his son's name upon it because he believed that his son did call upon him to love humanity and to take other people's children into his heart as he had done his own son. He and Mrs. Stanford were the devoted Christian servants of the poor, the orphan, and the suffering, and left all their property to go on doing good to the rising generation. That great Leland Stanford Junior University, the admiration of all the educated world, and an honour to the United States of America, was an outside deed, done as the Apostle Paul did at Corinth, not for pay, and without hope of earthly gain, but because in his conscience he heard the call of God. None of you are an exception to the call.

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